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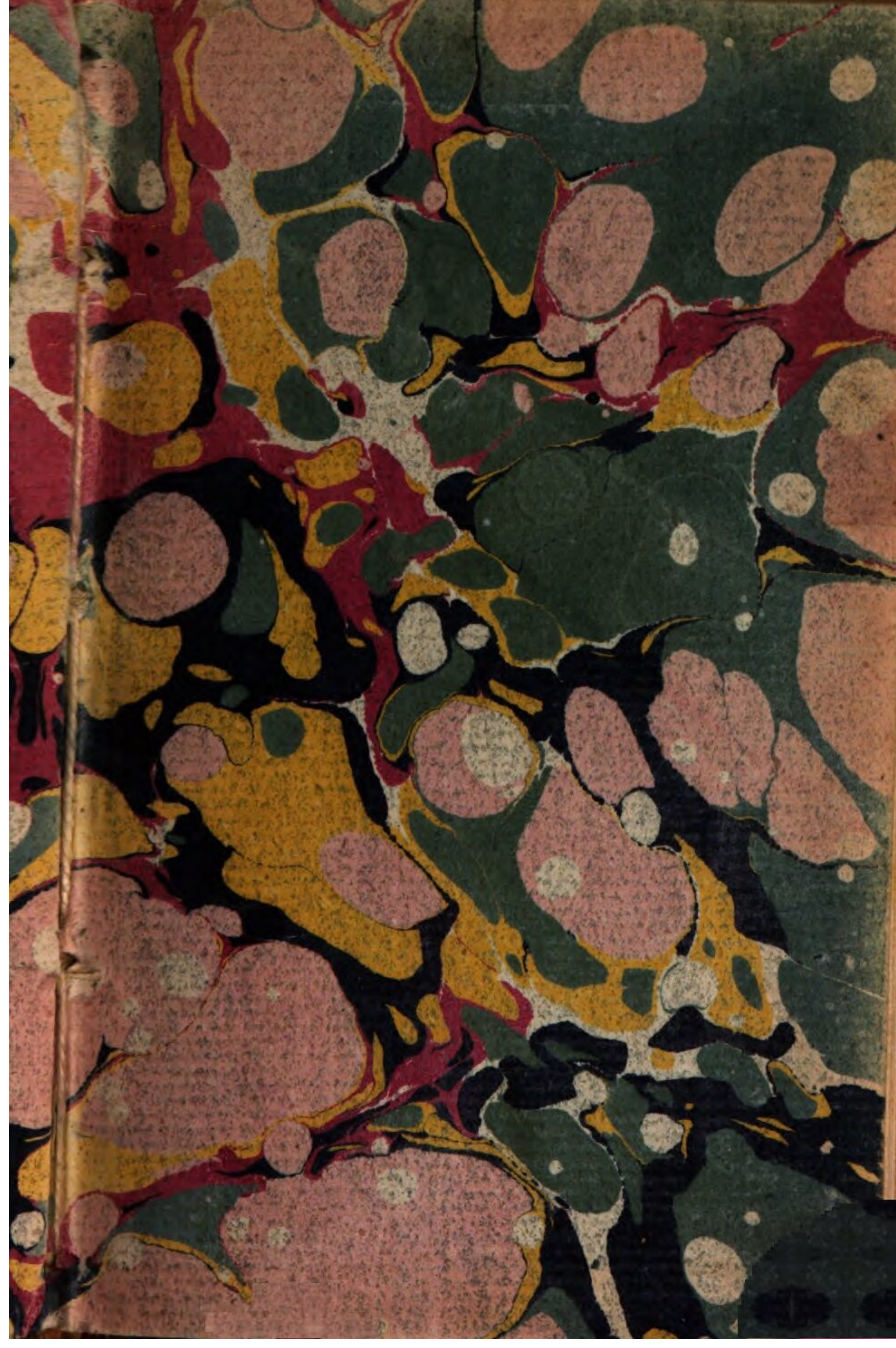
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Churchill

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CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Engraved by Cook from an Original Picture painted by Catter.

London, Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand, May 27 1779.

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



CHURCHILL VOL. I.
 Let one poor sprig of Bay around my head
 Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
Candidus line 145

Cipriani del

Barbieri sculp

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand, London, Jul 19th 1779.

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHA. CHURCHILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

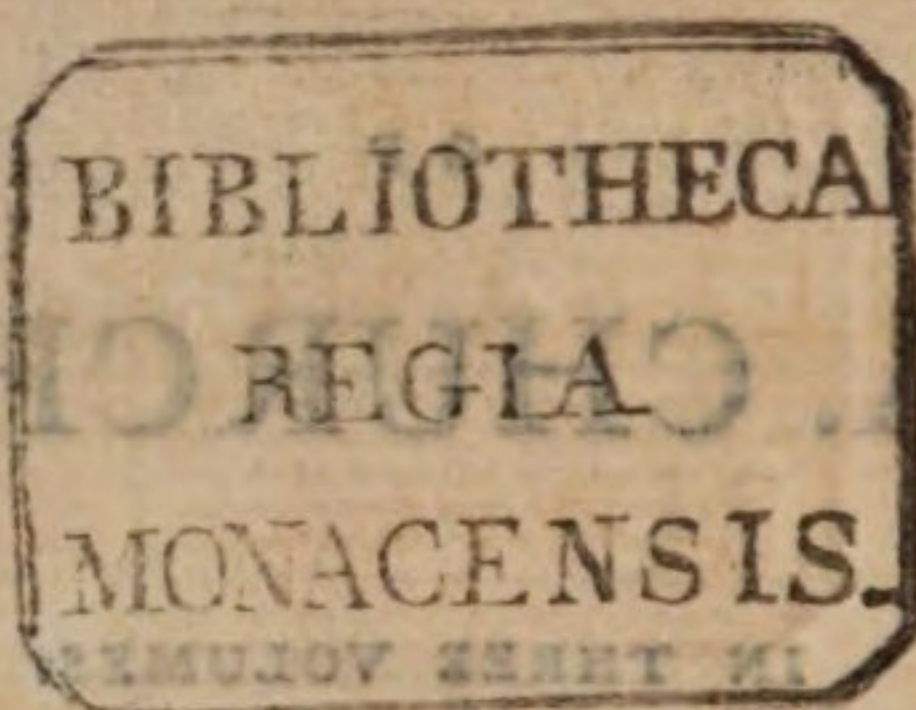
The Muse's office was by Heav'n design'd
To please, improve, instruct, reform, mankind;
To make dejected Virtue nobly rise
Above the tow'ring pitch of splendid Vice;
To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
And, trembling, crouch at Virtue's awful frown----
But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth----
Asham'd, she marks that passage with a blot,
And hates the line where candour was forgot.

APOLOGY.

VOL. I,

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE
POETICAL WORKS



WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Muse's office was by Henry's design'd
To please, improve, instruct, reform, amuse;
To raise dejected Virtue gently up;
Above the towering pitch of splendid Vice;
To make pale Wit, scorn'd, not head hang down,
And, triumphing, crown'd as Virtue's well-brown
Not in the Mole, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wound the skin of worth:
Alas! the marks that passage with a blot,
And hence the line where candour was forgot.

APOLLY.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

At the Apollo Press, by the MARTINS.

1773.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ROSCMAD,

APOLOGY,

NIGHT,

EPIST. TO HOGARTH,

CONFERENCE,

FAREWELL,

CANDIDATE,

JOURNEY.

Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heav'n, indulgent, grant that pray'r!)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams thro' the churchyard whilst his dinner's dress,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;
Whilst (O what joy that pleasing flattery gives!)
Reading my Works, he cries---Here Churchill lives!

CANDIDATE.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

BIBLIOTHECA
CHARLES REGIA
MONACENSIS

CONTAINING HIS

CONFERENCE,

PARLIAMENT,

CANDIDATE,

JOURNALS.

POSTAGE,

APPROPRIATE,

NIGHT,

ELIST. 23 NOVEMBER,

I am now in the
middle of a long
and tedious journey
to the East Indies
and have not time
to write you more
than a few lines
to let you know
that I am still
alive and well.
I am, my dear
friend, ever
your affectionate
son, J. B. B.

EDINBURGH.

AT THE BELL & CO. PRINTERS.

1779.

THE LIFE OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THIS gentleman was the son of the Rev. Mr. Charles Churchill, curate and lecturer of St. John's in Westminster. He was also educated in Westminster-school, and received some applause for his abilities from his tutors in that famous seminary. His capacity, however, was greater than his application, so that he received the character of a boy who could do good if he would. As the slightest accounts of persons so noted are agreeable, it may not be amiss to observe, that having one day got an exercise to make, and, from idleness or inattention, having failed to bring it at the time appointed, his master thought proper to chastise him with some severity, and even reproach his stupidity: what the fear of stripes could not effect, the fear of shame soon produced, and he brought his exercise the next day finished in such a manner, that he received the public thanks of all the masters.

Still, however, it is to be supposed that his progress in the learned languages was but slow; nor is it to be wondered at, if we consider how difficult it was for a strong imagination, such as he was possessed of, to conform and walk tamely forward in the trammels of a school education: minds like his are ever starting aside after new pursuits, desirous of embracing a mul-

tiplicity of amusing objects, eager to come at the end without the painful investigation of the means; and, if we may borrow a term from the mercantile world, a genius like his, disdaining the painful assiduity of earning knowledge by retail, aimed at being a wholesale dealer in the treasures of literature. This much was necessary to premise, in order to palliate his being refused admittance into the University of Oxford, to which he was sent by his father, for want of proper skill in the learned languages. He has often mentioned his repulse upon that occasion, but whether his justification of himself is to be admitted we will not undertake to determine: certain it is that both he and his companions have often asserted that he could have answered the college examination had he thought proper; but he so much despised the trifling questions that were put to him, that, instead of making the proper replies, he only launched out in satirical reflections upon the abilities of the gentlemen whose office it was to judge of his.

Be this as it will, Mr. Churchill was rejected from Oxford, and, probably, this might have given occasion to the frequent invectives we find in his Works against that most respectable university. Upon his returning from Oxford he again applied himself to his studies at Westminster school, and there, at the age of seventeen, contracted an intimacy with the lady to whom

he was married, and who still survives him. This was one of those imprudent matches which generally begin in passion, and end in disgust. However, the beginning of this young couple's regards for each other were mutual and sincere, and so continued for several years after. At the usual age for going into orders Mr. Churchill was ordained by the late Bishop of London, notwithstanding he had taken no degree, nor studied in either of our universities, and the first place he had in the church was a small curacy of thirty pounds a-year in Wales. To this remote part of the kingdom he brought his wife; they took a little house, and he went through the duties of his station with cheerfulness and assiduity. Happy had it been for him in this life, perhaps more happy in that to which he has been called, if he had still continued here in piety, simplicity, and peace. His parishioners all loved and esteemed him; his sermons, though rather raised above the level of his audience, were, however, commended and followed. In order to eke out his scanty finances, he entered into a branch of trade which he thought might end in riches, but which involved him in debts that pressed him some years after; this was no other than keeping a cyder cellar, and dealing in this liquor thro' that part of the country. A poet is but ill qualified for merchandise, where small gains are to be patiently expected, and carefully accumulated. He had neither

patience for the one, nor economy for the other; and a sort of rural bankruptcy was the consequence of his attempt.

Upon leaving Wales he came up to London; and his father soon after dying he stepped into the church in which he had officiated. In order to improve his scanty finances, which, in this situation, did not produce full an hundred pounds yearly, he undertook to teach young ladies to read and write English, and was employed for this purpose in the boarding-school of Mrs. Dennis, where he behaved with that decency and piety which became his profession. Nor should we here omit paying proper deference to a mode of female education which seems new among us. While in other schools our young misses are taught the arts of personal allurements only, this sensible governess pays the strictest attention to the minds of her young pupils, and endeavours to fit them for the domestic duties of life with as much assiduity as they are elsewhere formed to levity and splendour.

While Mr. Churchill was in this situation, his method of living bearing no proportion to his income, several debts were contracted in the City which he was not in a capacity of paying, and a gaol, the continual terror of indigent genius, seemed now ready to close upon his miseries. From this wretched state of uneasiness he was relieved by the benevolence of Mr.

Lloyd, father to the poet of that name, who paid his debts, or at least satisfied his creditors.

In the mean time, while Mr. Lloyd the father was thus relieving Churchill by his bounty, Mr. Lloyd the son began to excite him by his example. *The Actor*, a poetical epistle, written by this gentleman, and addressed to Mr. Bonnel Thornton, was read and relished by all the judges of poetical merit, and gave the author a distinguished place among the writers of his age. Mr. Churchill soon undertook to write *The Rosciad*, a work, though upon a more confined plan, yet more adapted to excite public curiosity. It first came out without the name of the author, but the justness of its remarks, and, particularly, the severity of the satire, soon excited public curiosity. Though he never disowned his having written this piece, and even openly gloried in it, yet the public, unwilling to give so much merit to one alone, ascribed it to a combination of wits; nor were Messrs. Lloyd, Thornton, or Colman, left unnamed upon this occasion. This misplaced praise soon induced Mr. Churchill to throw off the mask, and the second edition appeared with his name at length; and now the fame which before was diffused upon many objects became centred to a point. As *The Rosciad* was the first of this poet's performances, so many are of opinion that it is his best; and indeed I am inclined to concur in the same sentiment.

In it we find a very close and minute discussion of the particular merits of each performer, their defects pointed out with candour, and their merits praised without adulation. This poem, however, seems to be one of those few works which are injured by succeeding editions. When he became popular, his judgment began to grow drunk with applause; and we find, in the later editions, men blamed whose merit is incontestible, and others praised that were at that time in no degree of esteem with the judicious, and whom, at present, even the mob are beginning to forsake.

His next performance was his Apology to the Critical Reviewers. This work is not without its peculiar merit, and as it was written against a set of critics whom the world was willing enough to blame, the public read it with their usual indulgence. In this performance he shewed a peculiar happiness of throwing his thoughts, if we may so express it, into poetical paragraphs, so that the sentence swells to the break or conclusion, as we find in prose.

His fame being greatly extended by these productions, his improvement in morals did not seem by any means to correspond; but while his writings amused the Town, his actions in some measure disgusted it. He now quitted his wife, with whom he had cohabited for many years; and, resigning his gown and all clerical functions, commenced a complete man of the

Town, got drunk, frequented stews, and, giddy with false praise, thought his talents a sufficient atonement for all his follies. Some people have been unkind enough to say that Mrs. Churchill gave the first just cause of separation; but nothing can be more false than this rumour; and we can assure the public that her conduct in private life, and among her acquaintances, was ever irreproachable.

In some measure to palliate the absurdities of his conduct, he now undertook a poem called Night, written upon a general subject indeed, but upon false principles, namely, that whatever our follies are, we should never undertake to conceal them. This, and Mr. Churchill's other poems, being shewn to Mr. Johnson, and his opinion being asked concerning them, he allowed them but little merit, which being told to the author, he resolved to requite this private opinion with a public one. In his next poem, therefore, of The Ghost, he has drawn this gentleman under the character of Pomposo, and those who disliked Mr. Johnson allowed it to have merit. But our Poet is now dead, and justice may be heard without the imputation of envy. Though we entertain no small opinion of Mr. Churchill's abilities, yet they are neither of a size nor correctness to compare with those of the author of The Rambler, a work which has, in some places, enlarged the circle of moral in-

quiry, and fixed more precise landmarks to guide Philosophy in her investigation of truth. Mr. Johnson's only reply to Mr. Churchill's abuse was, that he thought him a shallow fellow in the beginning, and that he could say nothing worse of him still.

The poems of Night and of The Ghost had not the rapid sale the author expected; but his Prophecy of Famine soon made ample amends for the late paroxysms in his fame. Night was written upon a general subject, and for that reason no way alluring; The Ghost was written in eight syllable verse, in which kind of measure he was not very successful; but The Prophecy of Famine had all those circumstances of time, place, and party, to recommend it that the author could desire; or, let us use the words of Mr. Wilkes, who said, before its publication, that he was sure it must take, as it was at once personal, poetical, and political. It had accordingly a rapid and an extensive sale; and it was often asserted by his admirers, that Mr. Churchill was a better poet than Mr. Pope. This exaggerated adulation, as it had before corrupted his morals, now began to impair his mind; several succeeding pieces were published, which being written without effort, are read without pleasure. His Gotham, Independence, The Times, seem merely to be written by a man who desired to avail himself of the avidity of the public curiosity in his favour, and

are rather aimed at the pockets than the hearts of his readers.

How shall I trace this thoughtless man through the latter part of his conduct, in which, leaving all the milder forms of life, he became entirely guided by his native turbulence of temper, and permitted his mind to harass his body through all the various modes of debauchery ! His seducing a young lady, and afterwards living with her in shameless adultery ; his beating a man formerly his friend, without any previous provocation, are well known. Yet let us not be severe in judging ; happy were it for him, perhaps, if ours were the only tribunal at which he was to plead for those irregularities which his mental powers rendered but more culpable !

We shall close this life of Churchill with an anecdote frequently told of him, which is to be found in *Chrysal*, vol. I. chap. 21. leaving the credit due to the story, which is much to the honour of humanity, with the reader. “The company to which my new master
“was in such haste to go consisted of a few persons
“whom a familiarity of temper had linked in the closest intimacy : with these he spent the remainder of
“the evening in a manner which few would dislike,
“though fewer still could approve it ; the spirited wit
“and liveliness of their conversation gilded the grossest debaucheries, at the same time that the recti-

“tude and sublimity of their sentiments, whenever
“their hearts could find opportunity to speak, made
“the vices of their practice still more horrible by the
“contrast.

“They broke not up, as it might be imagined, till
“Nature sunk under their excesses; when my master,
“as he staggered home, was accosted by a female who
“had something in her air and manner so different
“from those outcasts of humanity who offer them-
“selves to casual prostitution in the streets, that his
“curiosity was struck, and he stopped to take more
“particular notice of her. She appeared to be about
“fifteen. Her figure was elegant, and her features
“regular, but want had sicklied over their beauty,
“and all the horrors of despair gloomed through the
“languid smile she forced when she addressed him.

“The sigh of distress, which never struck his ear
“without affecting his heart, came with double force
“from such an object. He viewed her with silent
“compassion for some moments, and reaching her a
“piece of gold, bade her go home and shelter herself
“from the inclemencies of the night at so late an
“hour. Her surprise and joy at such unexpected cha-
“rity overpowered her: she dropped upon her knees
“in the wet and dirt of the street, and, raising her
“hands and eyes toward heaven, remained in that
“posture for some moments, unable to give utterance
“to the gratitude that filled her heart.

“Such a sight was more expressive than all the
“powers of eloquence. He raised her tenderly from
“the ground, and, soothing her with words of com-
“fort, offered to conduct her to some place where
“she might get that refreshment of which she appear-
“ed to be in too great want. “O! Sir,” said she,
“pressing the hand that had raised her with her cold
“trembling lips, “my deliverer, sent by Heaven to
“save me from despair, let me not think of taking re-
“freshment myself till I have first procured it for
“those whose greater wants I feel ten thousand times
“more severely than my own.”

“Who can they be?” interrupted he, with anxious
“impatience. “Can humanity feel greater wants
“than those under which you are sinking?”

“My father,” exclaimed she, bursting into tears,
“languishing under infirmities acquired in the ser-
“vice of his country; my mother worn out with at-
“tending on him, and both perishing for want; (Hea-
“ven grant they are not already dead!) together with
“two infant brothers, insensible of the cause of their
“distress, and crying to them for a morsel of bread,
“which it is not in their power to give.”

“Where can such a scene of wretchedness be hid-
“den from relief? I’ll go with you myself directly.
“But stop! let us first procure some comfortable nou-
“rishment from some of the houses which are kept

“ open at this late hour for a very different purpose.
“ Come with me; we have no time to lose.” — With
“ these words he went directly to a tavern, and, in-
“ quiring what victuals were dressed in the house,
“ loaded her with as much as she could carry of the
“ best, and, putting a couple of bottles of wine in his
“ own pocket, walked with her to her habitation,
“ which was in a blind alley, happily for her not
“ very far distant, as weakness, together with the
“ conflict of passions struggling in her heart, made
“ her scarce able to go.

“ When they came to the door she would have
“ gone up first for a light, but he was resolved to ac-
“ company her, that he might see the whole scene in
“ its genuine colours. He, therefore, followed her up
“ to the top of the house, where, opening the door of
“ the garret, she discovered to him such a scene of mi-
“ fery as struck him with astonishment. By the light
“ of a lamp, that glimmered in the fireless chimney,
“ he saw lying on a bare bedstead, without any other
“ covering than the relics of their own rags, a man,
“ a woman, and two children, shuddering with
“ cold, though huddled together to share the little
“ warmth which exhausted nature still supplied them
“ with.

“ While he stood gazing in horror at such compli-
“ cated wretchedness, his conductress ran to the bed-

“ fide, and falling on her knees, “ O! Sir! Madam!”
“ (exclaimed she in rapture,) arife; I have got relief
“ from an angel of heaven!”——

“ Take care,” answered a voice, the hollow trem-
“ bling of which was sharpened with indignation,
“ take care it is not from a fiend of hell, who has taken
“ advantage of your diftrefs to tempt you to ruin; for
“ with whom elfe could you be till this time of night?
“ But know, wretched girl! that I will never eat the
“ earnings of Vice and Infamy. A few hours will put
“ an end to my miferies, which have received the only
“ poffible addition by this your folly.”

“ He muft be fuch indeed,” interrupted my mafter,
“ ftill more ftruck with fentiments fo uncommon in
“ fuch a fituation, “ who could think of tempting her,
“ in fuch circumftances, to any folly. I will withdraw
“ while you arife, and then we will confult what can
“ be fooneft done to alleviate a diftrefs of which you
“ appear fo undeferving.”——While he faid this he
“ took the wine out of his pockets, and, giving it to
“ the daughter, went directly down ftairs without
“ waiting for a reply, and, walking back and forward
“ in the ftreet for fome time, enjoyed the fublimeft
“ pleafure the human heart is capable of, in con-
“ fidering how he had relieved, and fhould far-
“ ther relieve, the fufferings of objects fo worthy of
“ relief.

“ By the time he thought they might have learned
“ from their daughter the circumstances of her meet-
“ ing with him, and taken some nourishment, he re-
“ turned to them, when, the moment he entered the
“ room, the whole family fell upon their knees to
“ thank him. Such humiliation was more than he
“ could bear. He raised them, one by one, as fast as
“ he could, and, taking the father’s hand, “ Gracious
“ God!” said he, “ can a sense of humanity be such
“ an uncommon thing among creatures who call
“ themselves human, that so poor an exertion of it
“ should be thought deserving of a return proper to
“ be made only to Heaven? Oppress me not, Sir, I
“ conjure you, with the mention of what it would
“ have been a crime I could never have forgiven my-
“ self to have known I had not done. It is too late to
“ think of leaving this place before to-morrow, when
“ I will provide a better, if there is not any to which
“ you chuse particularly to go. I am not rich, but
“ thank Heaven that it has blessed me with ability
“ and inclination to afford such assistance as may be
“ immediately necessary to you, till means may be
“ thought of for doing more.”

“ O! Sir,” answered the mother, “ well might my
“ daughter call you an angel of heaven; you know not
“ from what misery you have already relieved” —
“ Nor will I know more of it at this time,” inter-

“rupted my master, “than that which I too plainly
“see. I will leave you now to your rest, and return
“as soon as it is day.”

““Speak not of leaving us, Sir,” exclaimed the
“daughter, who was afraid that if he should go away
“he might not return; “what rest can we take in so
“short a time? Leave us not, I beseech you; leave us
“not in this place.”

““Cease, my child!” interrupted the father, “nor
“press your benefactor to continue in a scene of mi-
“sery that must give pain to his humane heart.”

““If my staying will not give you pain,” answered
“my master, “I will most willingly stay; but it must
“be on condition that our conversation points en-
“tirely forward to happier days: there will be time
“enough hereafter to look back.”

““Saying this, he sat down on the bed-side (for other
“seat the apartment afforded none) between the hus-
“band and wife, with whom he spent the little re-
“mainder of the night in such discourse as he thought
“most likely to divert their attention from their pre-
“sent misery, and inspire their minds with better
“hopes, while the children, all but the daughter, who
“hung upon his words, comforted at heart with a
“better meal than they had long tasted, fell fast asleep
“as they leaned their heads upon their mother’s lap.

““As soon as it was day, “Now, Madam,” said my

“ master, addressing himself to the mother, “ I will
“ go and provide a place for your reception, as you
“ say all places are alike to you. In the mean time
“ accept of this trifle (giving her ten guineas) to pro-
“ vide such necessaries as you may indispensibly want
“ before you remove : when you are settled we will
“ see what further can be done. I shall be back with
“ you within these three hours at most.”

“ For such beneficence there was no possibility of
“ returning thanks; but their hearts spoke through
“ their eyes in a language sufficiently intelligible to
“ his. Departing directly, to save both himself and
“ them the pain of pursuing a conversation that grew
“ too distressful, he went, without regard to change
“ of dress or appearance, to look for a proper lodging
“ for them, where he laid in such provisions of every
“ kind as he knew they must immediately want. This
“ care employed him till the time he had promised to
“ return, when he found such an alteration in the looks
“ and appearance of them all as gave his heart delight.

“ You see, Sir,” said the mother, as soon as he en-
“ tered, “ the effects of your bounty; but do not think
“ that vanity has made us abuse it. These clothes,
“ what we could raise on which has for some time
“ been our sole support, were the purchase of happier
“ times, and were now redeemed for much less than
“ we must have given for the worst we could buy.” —

“Dear Madam!” interrupted my master, taking
“her hand respectfully, “mention not any thing of
“the kind to me, I beseech you. You will soon see
“such times again.” Then turning to the husband,
“I have taken a lodging, Sir,” continued he; “it is
“convenient but not large, as I imagined would be
“your choice. I will call a coach to take us to it di-
“rectly. If there are any demands here, let the people
“of the house be called up, and they shall be paid. I
“will be your purse-bearer for the present.”

“No, Sir,” replied the husband, “there are not
“any; you have enabled us to discharge all demands
“upon us. People in our circumstances cannot find
“credit, because they want it.”

“My master would then have gone for a coach,
“but the daughter insisted on saving him that trouble;
“upon which he put the whole family into it, and
“walked away before them to their new lodging. It
“is impossible to describe what these poor people felt
“when they saw the provision he had made for their
“reception. The father, in particular, could not bear
“it, but sinking into a chair, “This is too much!”
“said he, as soon as a flood of tears had given vent to
“the fulness of his heart; “this is too much. Sup-
“port me, gracious Heaven! who has sent this host of
“men to my relief; support me under the weight of
“obligations which the preservation of these alone

“(looking round upon his wife and children) could
“induce me to accept.”—Then addressing himself
“to my master, “My heart is not unthankful,” con-
“tinued he; “but gratitude in such excess as mine,
“where there is no prospect of ever making a return,
“is the severest pain.”

“My master, who fought none, attempted often
“to give the conversation another turn; but finding
“that they could speak or think of nothing else as yet,
“he took his leave, promising to come the next day,
“when their minds should be better settled, to con-
“sult what more was in his power to serve them,
“having first privately taken an opportunity to slip a
“couple of guineas into the daughter’s hand, to avoid
“the putting the delicacy of her father and mother
“to farther pain.”

DEDICATION.

HEALTH to great Glo'ster—from a man unknown,
Who holds thy health as dearly as his own,
Accept this greeting—nor let modest fear
Call up one maiden blush—I mean not here
To wound with flatt'ry—'tis a villain's art, 5
And suits not with the frankness of my heart.
Truth best becomes an orthodox divine,
And, spite of hell, that character is mine:
To speak ev'n bitter truths I cannot fear;
But truth, my Lord, is panegyric here. 10

Health to great Glo'ster—nor, thro' love of ease,
Which all priests love, let this address displease.
I ask no favour, not one note I crave,
And when this busy brain rests in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have rest) 15
I will not trouble you with one bequest.
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew or a son,
In that dread hour executor I'll leave,
For I, alas! have many to receive, 20
To give but little—To great Glo'ster health;
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth
Here take a false alarm—In purse tho' poor
In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure

The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free: 23
 I, tho' a Dedicator, scorn a fee.
 Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share;
 I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.

Think not, a thought unworthy thy great soul,
 Which pomps of this world never could control, 30
 Which never offer'd up at Pow'r's vain shrine,
 Think not that pomp and pow'r can work on mine.
 'Tis not thy name, tho' that indeed is great,
 'Tis not the tinsel trumpery of state,
 'Tis not thy title, Doctor tho' thou art, 35
 'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.
 State is a farce; names are but empty things,
 Degrees are bought, and, by mistaken kings,
 Titles are oft' misplac'd; mitres, which shine
 So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine, 40
 Unless set off by virtue; who deceives
 Under the sacred sanction of lawn sleeves
 Enhances guilt; commits a double sin;
 So fair without, and yet so foul within.
 'Tis not thy outward form, thy easy mien, 45
 Thy sweet complacency, thy brow serene,
 Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
 Where fifty Cupids, as in ambush, lie,
 Which can from sixty to sixteen impart
 The force of Love, and point his blunted dart; 50
 'Tis not thy face, tho' that by Nature's made
 An index to thy soul; tho' there display'd

We see thy mind at large, and thro' thy skin
 Peeps out that courtesy which dwells within;
 'Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,
 Around our heads no lineal glories shine—
 But what is birth—when, to delight mankind,
 Heralds can make those arms they cannot find,
 When thou art to thyself, thy fire unknown,
 A whole Welsh genealogy alone?
 No; 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,
 Thy right just estimation here on earth,
 Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,
 And flowing from that wholesome source, thy mind,
 Thy known contempt of persecution's rod,
 Thy charity for man, thy love of God,
 Thy faith in Christ, so well approv'd 'mongst men,
 Which now give life and utt'rance to my pen.
 Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays;
 'Tis not the Bishop, but the Saint, I praise:
 Rais'd by that theme I soar on wings more strong,
 And burst forth into praise with-held too long.

Much did I wish, ev'n whilst I kept those sheep
 Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep;
 Ordain'd, alas! to keep thro' need, not choice,
 Those sheep which never heard their shepherd's voice,
 Which did not know, yet would not learn their way,
 Which stray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I should
 Those sheep which my good father (on his bier [stray;
 Let filial duty drop the pious tear)

Kept well, yet starv'd himself, ev'n at that time
Whilst I was pure and innocent of rhyme,
Whilst, sacred dulness ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,
Much did I wish, tho' little could I hope 85
A friend in him who was the friend of Pope.
His hand, said I, my youthful steps shall guide,
And lead me safe where thousands fall beside;
His temper, his experience, shall control,
And hush to peace the tempest of my soul; 90
His judgment teach me, from the critic school,
How not to err, and how to err by rule;
Instruct me, mingle profit with delight, [right;
Where Pope was wrong, where Shakespeare was not
Where they are justly prais'd, and where thro' whim
How little's due to them, how much to him. 96
Rais'd 'bove the slavery of common rules,
Of common-sense, of modern, ancient, schools,
Those feelings banish'd which mislead us all,
Fools as we are, and which we Nature call, 100
He by his great example might impart
A better something, and baptize it Art;
He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,
Might shew me what is taste by what is not;
By him supported with a proper pride, 105
I might hold all mankind as fools beside;
He (should a world, perverse and peevish grown,
Explode his maxims and assert their own)

Might teach me, like himself, to be content,
 And let their folly be their punishment ; 110
 Might, like himself, teach his adopted son,
 'Gainst all the world, to quote a Warburton.

Fool that I was! could I so much deceive
 My soul with lying hopes? could I believe
 That he, the servant of his Maker sworn, 115
 The servant of his Saviour, would be torn
 From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,
 The cure of souls, his duty and his joy,
 For toys like mine, and waste his precious time,
 On which so much depended, for a rhyme? 120
 Should he forsake the task he undertook,
 Desert his flock, and break his past'ral crook?
 Should he (forbid it, Heaven!) so high in place,
 So rich in knowledge, quit the work of grace,
 And, idly wand'ring o'er the Muses' hill, 125
 Let the salvation of mankind stand still?

Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee
 Be such revolt from grace, and far from me
 The will to think it—guilt is in the thought—
 Not so, not so, hath Warburton been taught, 130
 Not so learn'd Christ—Recall that day, well known,
 When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)
 He call'd blasphemers forth—Methinks I now
 See stern Rebuke enthroned on his brow,
 And arm'd with tenfold terrors—from this tongue,
 Where fiery zeal and Christian fury hung, 136

Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunders roll,
 And chill with horror ev'ry sinner's soul—
 In vain they strive to fly—flight cannot save,
 And Potter trembles even in his grave— 140
 With all the conscious pride of innocence
 Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,
 Bear witness to himself, whilst all men knew,
 By Gospel rules, his witness to be true.

O glorious man! thy zeal I must commend, 145
 Tho' it depriv'd me of my dearest friend.
 The real motives of thy anger known,
 Wilkes must the justice of that anger own;
 And, could thy bosom have been bar'd to view,
 Pity'd himself, in turn had pity'd you. 150
 Bred to the law, you wisely took the gown,
 Which I, like Denias, foolishly laid down;
 Hence double strength our Holy Mother drew;
 Me she got rid of, and made prize of you.
 I, like an idle truant, fond of play, 155
 Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,
 Grasping at shadows, let the substance slip;
 But you, my Lord, renounc'd attorneyship
 With better purpose, and more noble aim,
 And wisely play'd a more substantial game: 160
 Nor did Law mourn, blest'd in her younger son,
 For Mansfield does what Glo'ster would have done.

Doctor! Dean! Bishop! Glo'ster! and my Lord!
 I chape these high titles may accord

With thy meek spirit; if the barren sound 165
 Of pride delights thee, to the topmost round
 Of Fortune's ladder got, despise not one
 For want of smooth hypocrisy undone,
 Who, far below, turns up his wond'ring eye,
 And, without envy, sees thee plac'd so high: 170
 Let not thy brain (as brains less potent might)
 Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
 Turn round, and lose distinction, lose her skill
 And wonted pow'rs of knowing good from ill,
 Of sifting truth from falsehood, friends from foes; 175
 Let Glo'ster well remember how he rose,
 Nor turn his back on men who made him great;
 Let him not, gorg'd with pow'r and drunk with state,
 Forget what once he was, tho' now so high,
 How low, how mean, and full as poor as I. 180

* * * * *
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Cætera desunt.

Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
 Let not thy brain (as brainsels potent might)
 And, without envy, see thee plac'd so high :
 Who, far below, turns up his wond'ring eye,
 For want of strength hypocritically undone,
 Of Fortune's ladder got, despise not one
 Of pride's delusive steps, to the topmost round
 With thy weak spirit : if the ladder sound

It is presumed the sudden death of the Author will sufficiently apologize for the Dedication remaining unfinished.

THE ROSCIAD.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high-aspiring play'r
Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
'The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love and rant in rage;
'The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
'Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,
In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
And shew where honour bled in ev'ry scar.

But tho' bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way,
And they will best succeed who best can pay:
'Those who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit force of bribes.

What can an actor give? In ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage; 20
Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there;
'They can't, like candidate for other feat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon,
And of Roast Beef they only know the tune: 26

But what they have they give; could Clive do more,
Tho' for each million he had brought home four?

Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of Humour will be there. 30
In Smithfield Yates prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love instead of meat.
Foote at Old House, for even Foote will be
In self-conceit an actor, bribes with tea*,
Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives, 35
And at the New pours water on the leaves.

The Town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,
As passion, humour, int'rest, party, fways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair, 40
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so droll.
Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart, 45
Palmer! oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf with aching eyes
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size;
Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan. 50
When place of judgment is by whim supply'd,
And our opinions have their rise in pride;

* In order to evade the act of parliament, Foote called his morning entertainments Giving Tea.

When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
 We praise and censure with an eye to self,
 All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair, 55
 In such a court, as Garrick for the chair.

At length agreed all squabbles to decide,
 By some one judge the cause was to be try'd;
 But this their squabbles did a-fresh renew,
 Who should be judge in such a trial—who? 60

For Johnson * some, but Johnson, it was fear'd,
 Would be too grave, and Sterne too gay appear'd;
 Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known
 He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own:

For Colman many, but the peevish tongue 65
 Of prudent Age found out that he was young:
 For Murphy some few pilf'ring wits declar'd,
 Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom star'd.

To mischief train'd ev'n from his mother's womb,
 Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom, 70
 Adopting arts by which gay villains rise,
 And reach the heights which honest men despise;
 Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
 Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud,
 A pert, prim, prater of the northern race †, 75
 Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,

* Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of The Rambler.

† The voice of Calumny gave this portrait to A. Wedderburne, Esq. who, in 1778, was made Attorney General. The writer of this note is no judge of likenesses.

Stood forth—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—

And thrice he twirl'd histie--thrice strok'd his band--

“At Friendship's call,” (thus oft', with trait'rous
Men void of faith usurp Faith's sacred name) [aim,

“At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent, 81

“Who thus by me develops his intent;

“But lest, transfus'd, the spirit should be lost,

“That spirit which, in storms of rhet'ric tost,

“Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer, 85

“In his own words his own intentions hear.

“Thanks to my friends—but to vile fortunes born,

“No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.

“Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw;

“Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law? 90

“Twice, (curs'd rememb'rance!) twice I strove to

“Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train, [gain

“Who in the Temple and Gray's-Inn prepare

“For client's wretched feet the legal snare;

“Dead to those arts which polish and refine, 95

“Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,

“Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,

“And foul rejection gave me up to shame.

“To laws and lawyers then I bade adieu,

“And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue. 100

“Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast

“Burns for that chair which Roscius once possess.

“Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,

“And let success for once attend desert.”

With sleek appearance and with ambling pace, 105
And type of vacant head with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his modest plea—
“Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me.”—
For who, like him, his various pow’rs could call
Into so many shapes, and shine in all? 110
Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist?
Knows any one so well—sure no one knows—
At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?
Who can--But Woodward came---Hill slipp’d away,
Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day. 116

With that low cunning which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent! gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave; 120
With that smoothfalsehood whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears Friendship’s mask for purposes of spite, 125
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy which turns pale,
And sickens even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate; 130
With the cold caution of a coward’s spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,

Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous, impudence,
Which, dead to shame and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive or pen describe,
Came simp'ring on; to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage impannell'd matrons would perplex;
Nor male nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, tho' of Irish growth;
A six foot suckling, mincing in Its gait,
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful It seem'd, tho' of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er Its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.
Much did It talk, in Its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
Much, too, of writings, which Itself had wrote,
Of special merit, tho' of little note,
For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what It wrote none but Itself should read;
Much, too, It chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause;

Then with a self-complacent jutting air
 It smil'd, It smirk'd, It wriggled to the chair,
 And with an awkward briskness not Its own,
 Looking around, and perking on the throne,
 Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
 Known but to few, or only known by name, 166
 Plain Common Sense, appear'd, by Nature there
 Appointed, with Plain Truth, to guard the chair;
 The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
 To Its first state of nothing melted down. 170

Nor shall the Muse, (for even there the pride
 Of this vain nothing shall be mortify'd)
 Nor shall the Muse (should Fate ordain her rhymes,
 Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
 With such a trifler's name her pages blot; 175
 Known be the character, the thing forgot:
 Let It, to disappoint each future aim,
 Live without sex, and die without a name *!

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate fires
 Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires 180
 Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half froze,
 Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whose heart naler
 With fancy-kindled heat:—a servile race, [glows
 Who in mere want of fault all merit place;

* Curiosity will not quarrel with us for informing her, that the name of the person to whom these severe lines allude was Fitzpatrick.

Volume I.

D

Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools, 185
 Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules,
 With solemn consequence declar'd that none
 Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone:
 Dupes to their fancy'd excellence the crowd,
 Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd. 190

When from amidst the throng a youth stood forth,
 Unknown his person, not unknown his worth;
 His look bespoke applause; alone he stood,
 Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood:
 He talk'd of Ancients as the man became 195
 Who priz'd our own, but envy'd not their fame;
 With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,
 And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

“ But more than just to other countries grown,
 “ Must we turn base apostates to our own? 200
 “ Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
 “ That England may not please the ear as well?
 “ What mighty magic's in the place or air,
 “ That all perfection needs must centre there?
 “ In states let strangers blindly be preferr'd*; 205
 “ In state of letters Merit should be heard.
 “ Genius is of no country; her pure ray
 “ Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
 “ Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
 “ And may hereafter ev'n in Holland rise. 210

* The future political satirist seems to break forth in this line.

“ May not, (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
 “ And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
 “ May not some great extensive genius raise
 “ The name of Britain ’bove Athenian praise, 214
 “ And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
 “ Make England great in letters as in arms ? [aspires
 “ There may—there hath—and Shakespeare’s muse
 “ Beyond the reach of Greece ; with native fires,
 “ Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight, [height
 “ Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his
 “ Why should we then abroad for judges roam, 221
 “ When abler judges we may find at home ?
 “ Happy in tragic and in comic pow’rs,
 “ Have we not Shakespeare ?—is not Johnson * ours ?
 “ For them, your nat’ral judges, Britons ! vote ; 225
 “ They’ll judge like Britons who like Britons wrote.”
 He said, and conquer’d—Sense resum’d her sway,
 And disappointed pedants stalk’d away :
 Shakespeare and Johnson, with deserv’d applause,
 Joint judges were ordain’d to try the cause. 230
 Mean time the stranger ev’ry voice employ’d
 To ask or tell his name—Who is it ?—Lloyd †.

* Ben. Johnson.

† The Critical Reviewers, in their wisdoms, informed the world who was the author of The Rosciad, by transcribing the latter half of this line—“ Who is it ?—Lloyd.”

Thus when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
 And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
 Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
 Boldly stood forth the advocate of Truth,
 Confuted Falsehood, and disabled Pride,
 Whilst baffled Age stood snarling at his side.

The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
 Lest day of trial should be put off here.
 Causes but seldom for delay can call
 In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the fun,
 As he on other great events hath done,
 Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
 To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
 On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
 Nothing magnificent, appear'd; but Art
 With decent modesty perform'd her part,
 Rose a tribunal; from no other court
 It borrow'd ornament or sought support:
 No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
 No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
 No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause,
 To their own purpose tun'd the pliant laws:
 Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
 As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster just.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
 A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,

Sat Shakespeare :—in one hand a wand he bore,
 For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore ;
 The other held a globe, which to his will
 Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill :
 Things of the noblest kind his genius drew, 265
 And look'd thro' Nature at a single view :
 A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
 And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll ;
 Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
 And passing Nature's bounds was something more.

Next Johnson sat, in ancient learning train'd, 271
 His rigid judgment fancy's flights restrain'd,
 Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
 Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault :
 The book of Man he read with nicest art, 275
 And ranfack'd all the secrets of the heart ;
 Exerted penetration's utmost force,
 And trac'd each passion to its proper source ;
 Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
 And brought each foible forth to public view : 280
 The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
 And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd :
 His comic humour kept the world in awe,
 And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law. 284

But, hark !—the trumpet sounds, the crowd gives
 And the procession comes in just array. [way,

Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
 Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine,

Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,
 And waken Mem'ry with a sleeping ode * : 290
 For how should mortal man in mortal verse
 Their titles, merits, or their names, rehearse?
 But give, kind Dulness! memory and rhyme,
 We'll put off genius till another time.

First Order came—with solemn step, and flow, 295
 In measur'd time his feet were taught to go :
 Behind from time to time he cast his eye,
 Lest this should quit his place, that step awry;
 Appearances to save his only care;
 So things seem right no matter what they are : 300
 In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
 Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.

Then came Drum, Trumpet, Hautboy, Fiddle, Flute;
 Next Snuffer, Sweeper, Shifter, Soldier, Mute:
 Legions of angels all in white advance; 305
 Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance;
 Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
 Fools hand in hand with fools go two by two.
 Next came the Treasurer of either House,
 One with full purse, t' other with not a sou : 310
 Behind a group of figures awe create,
 Set off with all th' impertinence of state;

* Mason, at whom our Author's satire is levelled in almost all his writings, had published An Ode to Memory. See Mason's Poems.

By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings and queens without a name.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains 315
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies: on my life
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:— 320
Statesman all over!—in plots famous grown!—
He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.

Next Holland came.—With truly tragic stalk
He creeps, he flies.—A hero should not walk.
As if with Heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes 325
Planted their batteries against the skies;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
By Fortune thrown on any other stage,
He might perhaps have pleas'd an easy age; 330
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand; 335
I hate ev'n Garrick thus at second-hand.

Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore,
Bashful and young, he fought Hibernia's shore;
Hibernia! fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face, 340

From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
 And bid defiance to all sense of shame :
 Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
 'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in brass.

Lo, Yates!—Without the least finesse of art 345
 He gets applause; I wish he'd get his part.
 When hot impatience is in full career,
 How vilely “Hark'e! Hark'e!” grates the ear?
 When active fancy from the brain is sent,
 And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event, 350
 I hate those careless blunders which recall
 Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
 Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,
 Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace, 355
 Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,
 There Yates, with justice strict, attention draws,
 Acts truly from himself, and gains applause;
 But when, to please himself, or charm his wife,
 He aims at something in politer life, 360
 When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,
 He treads the stage by way of gentleman,
 The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
 Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's* clothes.
 Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown, 365
 Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,

* See Farquhar's Constant Couple.

From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
 And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.
 Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,
 Great master in the science of grimace, 370
 From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the Town,
 Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
 A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
 He twists, he twines, he tortures, ev'ry limb,
 Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's start, 375
 And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
 We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth
 We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
 His walk of parts he fatally misplat'd,
 And inclination fondly took for taste; 380
 Hence hath the Town so often seen display'd
 Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.

But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays,
 Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
 Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge 385
 To probability's extremest verge,
 Where modest Judgment her decree suspends,
 And for a time nor censures nor commends;
 Where critics can't determine on the spot
 Whether it is in nature found or not, 390
 There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,
 Nor fail of favour where he shews desert;
 Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
 Such worthy praises, Kitely scarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes, 395
 Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and
 Now in the centre, now in van or rear, [scrapes :
 The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer.
 His strokes of humour and his bursts of sport
 Are all contain'd in this one word, distort! 400

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
 Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,
 With personal defects their mirth adorn,
 And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
 Ev'n I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould, 405
 Whom having made she trembled to behold,
 Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
 And find that Nature's errors are my own*.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came,
 Wilkinfon this, Obrien was that name. 410
 Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
 That even shadows have their shadows too!
 With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
 The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;
 The last, by Nature form'd to please, who shows, 415
 In Johnson's Stephen, which way genius grows,
 Self quite put off, affects with too much art
 To put on Woodward in each mangled part,
 Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
 His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd before.

* The Poet has here made up a rod which will do for the satirist as well as the player.

When a dull copier simple grace neglects, 422
 And rests his imitation in defects,
 We readily forgive; but such vile arts
 Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her perverest mood, 425
 With no one requisite of art endu'd,
 Next Jackson came.—Observe that settled glare,
 Which better speaks a puppet than a play'r;
 List to that voice—did ever Discord hear
 Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear? 430

When to enforce some very tender part
 The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
 His soul, of ev'ry other thought bereft,
 Is anxious only where to place the left;
 He sobs and pants to sooth his weeping spouse, 435
 To sooth his weeping mother turns and bows:
 Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
 Of moving gracefully or standing still,
 One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
 Desirous seems to run away from t'other. 440

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
 Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
 That's vile—Should we a parent's faults adore,
 And err because our fathers err'd before?
 If, inattentive to the author's mind, 445
 Some actors made the jest they could not find,
 If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
 And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,

Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
 Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid? 450
 When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
 Why without meaning rolls Love's glassy eye?
 Why?—There's no cause—at least no cause we
 It was the fashion twenty years ago. [know—
 Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use, 455
 Their knavery and folly to excuse.
 To copy beauties forfeits all pretence
 To fame—to copy faults is want of sense.
 Yet (tho' in some particulars he fails,
 Some few particulars, where mode prevails) 460
 If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
 All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
 When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
 To violate a Vestal as to laugh,
 Rude mirth may hope presumpt'ous to engage 465
 An act of toleration for the stage,
 And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
 Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features,
 Old Falstaff play'd by Love shall please once more,
 And Humour set the audience in a roar. 470
 Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
 Who being from one part possess'd of fame,
 Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
 Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
 Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd 475
 To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid;

Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
 He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.
 In a peculiar mould by Humour cast,
 For Falstaff fram'd—himself the first and last—480
 He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
 And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.
 Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
 Tho' the knight wears the weeds of Dominic,
 And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack 485
 In *anno Domini* of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching
 A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow; [flow,
 Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
 Which Pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog, 490
 They curse the managers, and curse the Town,
 Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
 Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest,
 At once they rise with impotence of rage, 495
 Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.

“ 'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare

“ To arm satiric truth against a play'r?

“ Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;

“ Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind.”

What! shall Opinion then, of Nature free, 500
 And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
 To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
 Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?

No—tho' half-poets with half-players join 505
 To curse the freedom of each honest line;
 Tho' rage and malice dim their faded cheek,
 What the Muse freely thinks she'll freely speak;
 With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
 Stranger alike to flattery and fear, 510
 In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
 Public contempt shall wait the public fool.

Austin would always glisten in French silks,
 Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks;
 For who, like Ackman, can with humour please? 515
 Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly ease?
 Higher than all the rest, see Bransby strut,
 A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
 Ludicrous Nature! which at once could show
 A man so very high, so very low. 520

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
 Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.
 Let critics, with a supercilious air,
 Decry thy various merit, and declare
 Frenchman is still at top;—but scorn that rage 525
 Which in attacking thee attacks the age.
 French follies, universally embrac'd,
 At once provoke our mirth and form our taste.

Long from a nation* ever hardly us'd,
 At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd, 530

* Ireland.

Have Britons drawn their sport; with partial view
 Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few;
 Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
 Which from their country banish'd seek our own.
 At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke, 535
 And Sense, awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
 Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise
 Mirth from their foibles, from their virtues praise.

Next came the legion which our summer Bayes
 From alleys here and there contriv'd to raise, 540
 Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed,
 With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
 Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
 No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause;
 Each on himself determines to rely; 545
 Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.
 Never did play'rs so well an author fit,
 To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit.
 So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
 So much they talk'd, so very little said, 550
 So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,
 At once so willing and unfit to reign,
 That Reason swore, nor would the oath recall,
 Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad, 555
 Whom dulness only kept from being mad*,

* "Great wits to madness sure are near ally'd."

Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
 Common to fools and wits the rage of fame.
 What tho' the sons of Nonfense hail him Sire,
 Auditor *, Author, Manager, and Squire? 560
 His restless soul's ambition stops not there;
 To make his triumphs perfect dub him Play'r.

* This was the name of a periodical paper of politics. Lord Bute was appointed First Commissioner of the Treasury 29th May 1762; on the same day was published No. 1. of The Briton; No. 1. of The North Briton appeared June 5.; No. 1. of The Auditor June 10. Wilkes and his friends were supposed to be concerned in The North Briton, and Murphy in the other two papers. There is a deep stroke of politics upon record which deserves to be remembered. The gentlemen concerned in The North Briton conveyed a letter to the conductor of The Auditor, reprobating the art of falsehood which had been employed to set every acquisition made by the treaty of peace in a contemptible light, and more particularly the acquisition of Florida, "than which," says the letter-writer, "I never saw a finer country. The only, at present, profitable tracts of Florida are certain large bogs, which produce an excellent kind of fuel, pretty much the same thing which in England is called Peet or Turf. Of this there is by far a greater quantity than would serve the inhabitants for firing, were they ten times more numerous. Now, Sir, it is a fact notoriously true, and of which I have been an eye-witness, that all kinds of fuel is extremely scarce in the West Indies; I don't mean for boiling the sugars, for with that the trash of the sugar-cane abundantly supplies them, but for domestic uses. The scarcity is such, that I can safely affirm not one of the lower kind of planters has a comfortable fire in his parlour or bed-chamber: nay, even amongst the better sort I have seldom seen a good fire, though at the severest season of the year.---Is it then a small advantage to add, and that at a cheap rate, to the conveniencies and comforts of fellow-subjects, fellow-creatures, and fellow-Christians?"----

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
 If symmetry could charm depriv'd of ease:
 When motionless he stands we all approve; 565
 What pity 'tis the Thing was made to move.

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvary'd sound,
 Seems to break forth from caverns under ground;
 From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
 Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat. 570

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace*,
 All must to him resign the foremost place.

This curious epistle The Auditor immediately published in his 31st Number, taking merit to himself for printing it "exactly as he received it," that he might "throw all the lights in his power upon the solid value of the advantages procured by the late negotiation." Before it appeared the person who conducted the paper went out of Town; but, on his return, in order to be ready for the periodical day of publication, he found the whole Town on fire with his Floridatur. The North Briton reprinted the letter in his 30th Number, with his best thanks to The Auditor for having so obligingly inserted it. Florida turf burnt most violently; the situation was insufferable. The Auditor bore it as long as he could, but at last perished in the flames. The kindness of his correspondent reached beyond death, and thus inscribed his tomb, (the letter was signed *Viator*.)

Siste, Viator!

Deep in this bog The Auditor lies still,
 His labours finish'd, and worn out his quill;
 His fires extinguish'd, and his works unread,
 In peace he sleeps with the forgotten dead:
 With heath and fedge, oh! may his tomb be dress'd,
 And his own turf lie light upon his breast.

Et quocunque velunt animum Auditoris agunto. HOR.

* Certain Indian tribes are said to believe that all the good qualities of an enemy whom they butcher immediately become their own.

When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
 To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
 His honest features the disguise defy, 575
 And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
 Or raving mad, or stupidly serene :
 In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
 In passion tears the passion into rags. 580

Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
 When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
 When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,
 Whilst Common Sense stood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents blest ! 585
 Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
 Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray ;
 All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.
 Bred at St. Omër's to the shuffling trade,
 The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made, 590
 With various readings stor'd his empty scull,
 Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull ;
 Or at some banker's desk, like many more,
 Content to tell that two and two make four,
 His name had stood in City annals fair, 595
 And prudent Dulness mark'd him for a may'r.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
 Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage ?
 Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains
 To publish to the world thy lack of brains ? 600

Or might not reason ev'n to thee have shown
 Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown?
 Yet let not vanity like thine despair;
 Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-plac'd in Smithfield view,
 To sacred Dulness and her first-born due, 606
 Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
 Thy birthright claim, nor fear a rival there;
 Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
 And venal Legers puff their Murphy's * name, 610
 Whilst Vaughan or Dapper, call him which you will,
 Shall blow the trumpet and give out the bill.

There rule secure from critics and from sense,
 Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence;
 Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore, 615
 And little factions break thy rest no more.

From Covent-Garden crowds promiscuous go,
 Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know:
 Yet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
 Than if, till that time, arms they never bore: 620
 Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
 They scarcely knew the left hand from the right:
 Asham'd among such troops to shew the head,
 Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.

Sparks at his glaſs ſat comfortably down 625
 To ſep'rate frown from ſmile, and ſmile from frown.

* Murphy was ſuppoſed to be the author of The Public Leger.

Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part.
Rofs (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet; 630
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he.
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,
Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd, 635
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
At variance set, inflexible, and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor shew the mingled pow'rs of light and shade, 640
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself,
Whilst the whole Town, mad with mistaken zeal, 645
An awkward rage for elocution feel,
Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name.
Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense or put in, 650
Who aim'd at wit, tho', levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where City swains in lap of Dulness dream,

Where quiet as her strains their strains do flow, 655
 That all the patron by the bards may know,
 Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
 The plan of future operations laid,
 Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,
 And spin out happy folly thro' the year. 660

But think not, tho' these dastard chiefs are fled,
 That Covent-Garden troops shall want a head:
 Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar
 The hero seated in fantastic car!
 Wedded to Novelty, his only arms 665
 Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms:
 On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,
 And on the other his arch-patron, Lun;
 Behind, for liberty a-thirst in vain,
 Sense, helpless captive! drags the galling chain; 670
 Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot draw,
 Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never saw,
 Monsters with tails of ice and heads of fire,
 Gorgons and Hydras, and Chymæras dire*.
 Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight, 675
 Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.
 The Town, as usual, met him in full cry;
 The Town, as usual, knew no reason why:
 But Fashion so directs, and Moderns raise 679
 On Fashion's mould'ring base their transient praise.

* Milton.

Next to the field a band of females draw
 Their force, for Britain owns no Salique law :
 Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
 Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

First giggling, plotting, chamber-maids arrive, 685
 Hoydons and romps, led on by Gen'ral Clive.
 In spite of outward blemishes she shone,
 For humour fam'd, and humour all her own :
 Easy, as if at home, the stage she trode,
 Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod : 690
 Original in spirit and in ease,
 She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please :
 No comic actresses ever yet could raise,
 On humour's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen, 695
 Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
 See lively Pope advance in jig, and trip
 Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip :
 Not without art, but yet to Nature true,
 She charms the Town with humour just, yet new : 700
 Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
 The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.

Lo ! Vincent comes—with simple grace array'd,
 She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade :
 Nature thro' her is by reflection shown, 705
 Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
 I see it all, but must forgive it here ;

Defects like these, which modest terrors cause,
From Impudence itself extort applause. 710
Candour and Reason still take Virtue's part;
We love ev'n foibles in so good an heart.

Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilf'ring here and there a bit, 715
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish propofals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chaunt the praise of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach ev'n Brent a method not to please; 720
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage:
The boasted work's call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey, 725
Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim? 730
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show;
For thro' the regions of that beauteous face 735
We no variety of passions trace;

Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart :
The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's fullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same. 740

What's a fine person or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace ?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease ;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires ; 745
They seem like puppets led about by wires :
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill ;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too. 750

Weak of themselves are what we beauties call ;
It is the manner which gives strength to all :
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest light :
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng, 755
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, Expression's lively force
With Beauty's softest magic holds discourse, 760
Attract the eye ; if feelings, void of art,
Rouze the quick passions, and inflame the heart ;
If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unfung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms Conceit, 765
 By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
 When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,
 Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from age;
 When Heav'n, in mercy, shall the stage release
 From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece; 770
 When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
 Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd, on the stalk,
 Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way,
 And merit find a passage to the day;
 Brought into action, she at once shall raise 775
 Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage
 With rival excellence of love and rage,
 Mistresses of each soft art, with matchless skill
 To turn and wind the passions as she will; 780
 To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
 Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;
 To put on Frenzy's wild distracted glare,
 And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
 With just desert enroll'd in endless fame, 785
 Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
 And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract,
 Struck with her grief I catch the madness too,
 My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view! 790
 The roof cracks, shakes, and falls!—new horrors rise,
 And Reason bury'd in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each flavish art,
 She makes her first attack upon the heart;
 Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws, 795
 And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
 Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
 She quits the tragic scene, and in pretence
 To comic merit breaks down Nature's fence, 800
 I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
 Or find out Cibber thro' the dark disguise.

Pritchard, by Nature for the stage design'd,
 In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
 Her art as much as Nature's friend became, 805
 Her voice as free from blemish as her fame,
 Who knows so well in majesty to please,
 Attempter'd with the graceful charms of ease?

When, Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
 She comes a captive queen of Moorish race; 810
 When love, hate, jealousy, despair, and rage,
 With wildest tumults in her breast engage,
 Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
 Her passions are the passions of a queen.

When she to murder whets the tim'rous thane, 815
 I feel ambition rush thro' ev'ry vein;
 Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
 My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new strung.
 My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new strung.

In comedy—"Nay, There," cries Critic, "hold;
 "Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old: 820

“ Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
 “ Or force a laugh with over-grown Julett?
 “ Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just,
 “ But then her age and figure give disgust.”

Are foibles, then, and graces of the mind,
 In real life to size or age confin'd?
 Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd
 In any set circumference of waist?
 As we grow old doth affectation cease,
 Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
 If in originals these things appear,
 Why should we bar them in the copy here?
 The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
 The grand minute reformers of the stage,
 Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
 Some standard measure for each part should find,
 Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
 Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.
 All actors, too, upon the back should bear
 Certificate of birth—time when—place where;
 For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
 Unless they know the minute of their birth?
 An audience, too, deceiv'd, may find, too late,
 That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
 And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;
 But when perfections of the mind break forth,
 Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;

When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
 Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought; 850
 Before such merit all objections fly,
 Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Oft' have I, Pritchard, seen thy wondrous skill,
 Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.
 That worth which shone in scatter'd rays before; 855
 Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r,
 'The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies raise,
 Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance,
 For mighty magic of enchanted lance, 860
 With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
 And, like a flood, rush o'er the land of Love,
 Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd
 By Fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
 Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim, 865
 They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
 There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
 Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.

Thus sportive boys around some basin's brim
 Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim, 870
 But if, from lungs more potent there arise
 Two bubbles of a more than common size,
 Eager for honour, they for fight prepare,
 Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan, 875
 Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man;

Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
 The right hand labours, and the left lies still;
 For he resolv'd on Scripture-grounds to go,
 What the right doth the left hand shall not know. 880
 With study'd impropriety of speech
 He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
 To epithets allots emphatic state,
 Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lackies, wait;
 In ways first trodden by himself excels, 885
 And stands alone in indeclinables;
 Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
 To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
 In monosyllables his thunders roll,
 He, she, it, and we, ye, they, fright the soul. 890

In person taller than the common size,
 Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!
 When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
 Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent,
 Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm, 895
 Anxious expect the bursting of the storm;
 But all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
 His voice comes forth like Echo from her cell,
 To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
 And all adown the stage in feeble murmurs dies. 900

What man, like Barry, with such pains can err
 In elocution, action, character?
 What man could give, if Barry was not here,
 Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?

Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare:
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim:— 910
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, Ha! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon and hurts the mind:
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown, 915
We see too plainly they are not his own:
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught,
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught:
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions as he conn'd his part. 920

Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame*,
A stage leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own;
For how should Moderns, mushrooms of the day, 925
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Gray-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young,
Who having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age, 930

* The Poet finely hints, that fame and a smoking haunch operated upon the same sense.

Receiv'd, with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.

Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains, 935
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns,
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But tho' prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow; 940
Tho' we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place,
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.

His words bore sterling weight; nervous and strong,
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along: 946
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech. 950

Speech! is that all?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And in six months my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those who, when the stage they tread, 953
Neglect the heart to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind;

In royal John, with Philip angry grown, 1015
 I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
 Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame
 To fright a king so harmless and so tame?
 But, spite of all defects, his glories rise,
 And art, by judgment form'd, with Nature vies. 1020
 Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
 Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
 View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
 And then deny him merit if you can.
 Where he falls short 'tis Nature's fault alone; 1025
 Where he succeeds the merit's all his own.

Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
 Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out—"He's of stature somewhat low—
 "Your hero always should be tall, you know.—1030
 "True nat'ral greatness all consists in height."
 Produce your voucher, Critic.—"Sergeant Kyte."

Another can't forgive the paltry arts
 By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
 Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause.—1035

"Avaunt! unnat'ral start, affected pause."

For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
 I can't acquit by wholesale nor condemn.

The best things carry'd to excess are wrong;

The start may be too frequent, pause too long; 1040

But, only us'd in proper time and place,

Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, form'd on Imitation's plan,
 Just in the way that monkies mimic man,
 Their copy'd scene with mangled arts disgrace, 1045
 And pause and start with the same vacant face,
 We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn
 Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn;
 But when, from Nature's pure and genuine source,
 These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force, 1050
 When in the features all the soul's portray'd,
 And passions such as Garrick's are display'd,
 To me they seem from quickest feelings caught,
 Each start is Nature, and each pause is thought. 1055

When reason yields to passion's wild alarms, 1055
 And the whole state of man is up in arms,
 What but a critic could condemn the play'r
 For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
 Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
 And mark it strongly flaming to the face; 1060
 Whilst in each sound I hear the very man,
 I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
 Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
 The gods---a kindness I with thanks must pay--- 1065
 Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
 Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd,
 A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleas'd:
 Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree, 1069
 And, pleas'd with Nature, must be pleas'd with thee.

Now might I tell how silence reign'd throughout,
 And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout ;
 How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
 Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire ;
 But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts, 1075
 Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the sev'ral parties came,
 With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each
 And in their sentence happily agreed, [claim,
 In name of both great Shakespeare thus decreed, 1080

“ If manly sense, if Nature link'd with art ;
 “ If thorough knowledge of the human heart ;
 “ If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd ;
 “ If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd ;
 “ If strong expression, and strange pow'rs, which lie
 “ Within the magic circle of the eye ; 1086
 “ If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
 “ And which no face so well as his can show,
 “ Deserve the pref'rence—Garrick ! take the chair,
 “ Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there *. 1090

* Unhappy for his country (if the theatre be of service to a nation's virtue) that while the pen is tracing this reflection, Garrick is taking possession of a grave near his own Shakespeare ! He has quitted the chair, but left no equal in his place.

THE APOLOGY.

ADDRESSED TO THE
CRITICAL REVIEWERS*.

LAUGHS not the heart when giants, big with pride,
Assume the pompous port, the martial stride;
O'er arm Herculean heave th' enormous shield,
Vast as a weaver's beam the jav'lin wield;
With the loud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,
And dare to single combat—What?—A fly.

And laugh we less when giant names, which shine
Establish'd as it were by right divine;
Critics, whom ev'ry captive art adores,
To whom glad Science pours forth all her stores;
Who high in letter'd reputation sit,
And hold, Astræa like, the scales of wit,
With partial rage rush forth?—Oh! shame to tell!
To crush a bard just bursting from the shell.

* Abuse is a common compliment between authors and critics, but the first stone is never thrown by the former. This poem was occasioned by the criticism which these Reviewing gentry published of *The Rosciad*. The ignorant malice of the critic deserved the pointed severity of the poet; yet it should not be forgotten that Churchill, Lloyd, and Colman, were supposed to have joined in a triumvirate, whose oppression was full as insufferable as the tyranny of any Review past, present, or future.

Volume I.

G

Great are his perils in this stormy time 15
Who rashly ventures on a sea of rhyme:
Around vast furies roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below;
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends:
He hurts me most who lavishly commends. 20

Look thro' the world—in ev'ry other trade
The same employment's cause of kindness made,
At least appearance of good will creates,
And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates:
Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the night, 25
And in the common cause ev'n play'rs unite:
Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother authors wage.
The pride of Nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit; 30
Onward they rush at Fame's imperious call,
And less than greatest would not be at all.

Smit with the love of honour—or the pence—
O'er-run with wit, and destitute of sense,
Should any novice in the rhyming trade 35
With lawless pen the realms of verse invade,
Forth from the court, where sceptred sages sit,
Abus'd with praise, and flatter'd into wit,
Where in lethargic majesty they reign,
And what they win by dulness still maintain, 40
Legions of factious authors throng at once,
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.

To Hamilton's * the ready lies repair—
 Ne'er was lie made which was not welcome there—
 Thence, on maturer Judgment's anvil wrought, 45
 The polish'd falsehood's into public brought.
 Quick-circulating flanders mirth afford;
 And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.

A critic was of old a glorious name,
 Whose sanction handed merit up to fame; 50
 Beauties as well as faults he brought to view;
 His judgment great, and great his candour too:
 No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;
 Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
 But now, oh! strange reverse! our critics bawl 55
 In praise of candour with a heart of gall;
 Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
 They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night;
 Safe from detection, seize th' unwary prey,
 And stab, like bravoës, all who come that way. 60

When first my Muse, perhaps more bold than wise,
 Bade the rude trifle into light arise,
 Little she thought such tempests would ensue,
 Less that those tempests would be rais'd by you.
 The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak, 65
 Rosciads, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal stroke.
 Vain thought! a critic's fury knows no bound;
 Drawcanfir-like he deals destruction round;

* The printer of The Critical Review, who hires the best critics that can be had for two guineas per sheet.

Nor can we hope he will a stranger spare
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire *.

Unhappy Genius! plac'd by partial Fate
With a free spirit in a slavish state,
Where the reluctant Muse, oppress'd by kings,
Or droops in silence or in fetters sings.

In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal and tyrant's scorn.
Why didst thou safe from home-bred dangers steer,
Reserv'd to perish more ignobly here?

Thus when, the Julian tyrant's pride to swell,
Rome with her Pompey at Pharsalia fell,
The vanquish'd chief escap'd from Cæsar's hand,
To die by ruffians in a foreign land.

How could these self-elected monarchs raise
So large an empire on so small a base?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius sleep when Dulness seiz'd the throne?
Whence absolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the subject world dispenses law.

Without her license not a letter stirs,
And all the captive criss-cross-row is her's.
The Stagyrte, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too.

Our great Dictators take a shorter way—
Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say?

* Voltaire also had been criticised (*i. e.* abused) in The Critical Review.

Their word's sufficient; and to ask a reason, 95
 In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.
 True judgment now with them alone can dwell;
 Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
 Dull superstitious readers they deceive,
 Who pin their easy faith on critic's sleeve, 100
 And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe!
 But why repine we that these puny elves
 Shoot into giants?—we may thank ourselves:
 Fools that we are, like Iſr'el's fools of yore,
 The calf ourselves have fashion'd we adore. 105
 But let true Reason once resume her reign,
 This god shall dwindle to a calf again.

Founded on arts which shun the face of day,
 By the same arts they still maintain their sway.
 Wrapp'd in mysterious secrecy they rise, 110
 And as they are unknown are safe and wise.
 At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe,
 Th' envenom'd slander flies, no names appear:
 Prudence forbid that step—then all might know,
 And on more equal terms engage the foe. 115
 But now, what Quixote of the age would care
 To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?
 By int'rest join'd, th' expert confed'rates stand,
 And play the game into each other's hand:
 The vile abuse, in turn by all deny'd, 120
 Is bandy'd up and down from side to side:

It flies—hey!—presto!—like a juggler's ball,
Till it belongs to no body at all.

All men and things they know, themselves un-
And publish ev'ry name—except their own. [known,
Nor think this strange—secure from vulgar eyes, 126

The nameless author passes in disguise;

But vet'ran critics are not so deceiv'd,

If vet'ran critics are to be believ'd.

Once seen, they know an author evermore, 130

Nay, swear to hands they never saw before.

Thus in the Rosciad, beyond chance or doubt,

They by the writing found the writers out.

“That's Lloyd's--his manner there you plainly trace,

“And all The Actor * stares you in the face. 135

“By Colman † that was written.—On my life,

“The strongest symptoms of The Jealous Wife;

“That little disingenuous piece of spite,

“Churchill, a wretch unknown! perhaps might

How doth it make judicious readers smile, [write.”

When authors are detected by their style, 141

Tho' ev'ry one who knows this author, knows

He shifts his style much oft'ner than his clothes?

* Lloyd wrote a poem so called. The Rosciad was said, in its title page, to be written “By the Author.” The Critical Review discovered that the Author and the Actor were the same.

† The criticism of The Rosciad spoke of certain *connoisseurs* in wit. Colman was known to have been concerned in The Connoisseur.

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
 The Muse a trifler, and her theme so mean? 145
 What had I done, that angry Heav'n should send
 The bitt'rest foe where most I wish'd a friend?
 Oft' hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
 And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
 For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground, 150
 So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound;
 From Livy's temples tear th' historic crown,
 Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
 Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
 But he who wrote The Life of Tommy Thumb. 155
 Whoever read The Regicide, but swore
 The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
 Others for plots and under-plots may call,
 Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
 Who can so often in his cause engage 160
 The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,
 Whilst horrors rise, and tears spontaneous flow
 At tragic Ha! and no less tragic Oh!
 To praise his nervous weakness all agree,
 And then for sweetness, who so sweet as he! 165
 Too big for utterance when sorrows swell,
 The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell;
 But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow,
 Why—then the voice must speak again, you know*.

* All the works ridiculed in this paragraph were Smollet's.
 The Desert Island, and The Naiads of Fleet Ditch, mentioned

Rude and unskilful in the poet's trade, 170
 I kept no Naiads by me ready made;
 Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
 Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France;
 No flimsy linsley-woolsey scenes I wrote,
 With patches here and there, like Joseph's coat: 175
 Me humbler themes besit: secure for me,
 Let playwrights smuggle nonsense duty free:
 Secure for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins! bound,
 And frisk and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
 Secure for me, thou pretty little fawn! 180
 Lick Sylvia's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn;
 Uncensur'd let the gentle breezes rove
 Thro' the green umbrage of th' enchanted grove:
 Secure for me, let foppish Nature smile,
 And play the coxcomb in the Desert Isle. 185
 The stage I chose—a subject fair and free—
 'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.
 All common exhibitions open lie
 For praise or censure to the common eye.
 Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed; 190
 Hence Monthly Critics earn their daily bread.
 This is a gen'ral tax which all must pay,
 From those who scribble down to those who play.

in the next, were Murphy's. It is but justice to add, that the
 Critical Reviewers, when they noticed our Poet's Apology,
 declared that Murphy never wrote a line in their Review, and
 that Smollet had assured the Apologist's friends he was not the
 author of the article which abused *The Rosciad*.

Actors, a venal crew! receive support
 From public bounty for the public sport. 195
 To clap or hiss all have an equal claim,
 The cobbler's and his lordship's right the same.
 All join for their subsistence; all expect
 Free leave to praise their worth, their faults correct.
 When active Pickle Smithfield stage ascends, 200
 The three days' wonder of his laughing friends,
 Each, or as judgment or as fancy guides,
 The lively witling praises or derides.
 And where's the mighty diff'rence, tell we where,
 Betwixt a Merry Andrew and a play'r? 205

The strolling tribe, a despicable race!
 Like wand'ring Arabs, shift from place to place:
 Vagrants, by law to justice open laid,
 They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
 And, fawning, cringe for wretched means of life 210
 To Madam May'refs, or his Worship's wife.
 The mighty monarch in theatric sack
 Carries his whole regalia at his back;
 His royal consort heads the female band,
 And leads the heir-apparent in her hand; 215
 The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride,
 Bearing a future prince on either side:
 No choice musicians in this troop are found
 To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound;
 No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl; 220
 No lightning flashes here, no thunders roll;

No guards to swell the monarch's train are shown;
 The monarch here must be a host alone:
 No solemn pomp, no slow processions here;
 No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier. 225

By need compell'd to prostitute his art,
 The vary'd actor flies from part to part;
 And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride!
 His character is shifted with his side.
 Question and answer he by turns must be, 230
 Like that small wit in Modern Tragedy,
 Who, to patch up his fame—or fill his purse—
 Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
 Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
 Defacing first, then claiming for his own. 235
 In shabby state they strut, and tatter'd robe,
 The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe:
 No high conceits their mod'rate wishes raise,
 Content with humble profit, humble praise.
 Let dowdies simper, and let bumpkins stare, 240
 The strolling pageant hero treads in air:
 Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
 And snores the next out on a truss of straw.

But if kind Fortune, who sometimes we know
 Can take a hero from a puppetshow, 245
 In mood propitious should her fav'rite call,
 On royal stage in royal pomp to bawl,
 Forgetful of himself he rears the head,
 And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred.

Conversing now with well-dress'd kings and queens,
 With gods and goddesses behind the scenes, 251
 He sweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
 Taught by mock honours real pride t' assume.
 On this great stage the world, no monarch e'er
 Was half so haughty as a monarch play'r. 255

Doth it more move our anger or our mirth
 To see these things, the lowest sons of earth,
 Presume, with self-sufficient knowledge grac'd,
 To rule in letters, and preside in taste?
 The Town's decisions they no more admit, 260
 'Themselves alone the arbiters of wit,
 And scorn the jurisdiction of that court
 To which they owe their being and support.
 Actors, like Monks of old, now sacred grown,
 Must be attack'd by no fools but their own. 265

Let the vain tyrant sit amidst his guards,
 His puny Green-room wits and venal bards,
 Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
 And for a playhouse freedom lose their own;
 In spite of new-made laws and new-made kings, 270
 The free-born Muse with lib'ral spirit sings.
 Bow down, ye Slaves! before these idols fall;
 Let Genius stoop to them who've none at all:
 Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
 To those who, slaves to all, are slaves to me. 275

Actors, as actors, are a lawful game,
 The poet's right, and who shall bar his claim?

And if, o'er-weening of their little skill,
 When they have left the stage they're actors still;
 If to the subject world they still give laws, 280
 With paper crowns, and sceptres made of straws;
 If they in cellar or in garret roar,
 And kings one night are kings for evermore;
 Shall not bold Truth, ev'n there, pursue her theme,
 And wake the coxcomb from his golden dream? 285
 Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
 They rise superior to their present state;
 If, with each social virtue grac'd they blend
 The gay companion and the faithful friend;
 If they, like Pritchard, join in private life 290
 The tender parent and the virtuous wife;
 Shall not our verse their praise with pleasure speak,
 Tho' mimics bark, and Envy split her cheek?
 No honest worth's beneath the Muse's praise;
 No greatness can above her censure raise; 295
 Station and wealth to her are trifling things;
 She stoops to actors, and she soars to kings.
 Is there a man, in vice and folly bred*,
 To sense of honour as to virtue dead,
 Whom ties nor human nor divine can bind, 300
 Alien to God, and foe to all mankind;

* If the Poet were wrong in the man he took for the critic, then was this character misapplied. At any rate, allowance must be made for exaggeration. That caricature will never boast the strongest resemblance which is dashed out by the hasty hands of Anger and Revenge.

Who spares no character; whose ev'ry word,
 Bitter as gall, and sharper than the sword,
 Cuts to the quick; whose thoughts with rancour swell;
 Whose tongue on earth performs the work of hell?
 If there be such a monster, the Reviews 306
 Shall find him holding forth against abuse.

"Attack profession!—'tis a deadly breach!—

"The Christian laws another lesson teach:—

"Unto the end shall charity endure, 310

"And candour hide those faults it cannot cure."

Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,
 As devils, to serve their purpose, Scripture quote.

The Muse's office was by Heav'n design'd

To please, improve, instruct, reform, mankind; 315

To make dejected Virtue nobly rise

Above the tow'ring pitch of splendid Vice;

To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,

And, trembling, crouch at Virtue's awful frown.

Now arm'd with wrath, she bids eternal shame, 320

With strictest justice, brand the villain's name;

Now in the milder garb of Ridicule

She sports, and pleases while she wounds the fool.

Her shape is often vary'd; but her aim,

To prop the cause of Virtue, still the same. 325

In praise of mercy let the guilty bawl;

When Vice and Folly for correction call,

Silence the mark of weakness justly bears,

And is partaker of the crimes it spares.

But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth, 330
 With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth;
 If wantonly she deviates from her plan,
 And quits the actor to expose the man;
 Asham'd, she marks that passage with a blot,
 And hates the line where candour was forgot*. 335

But what is candour, what is humour's vein,
 Tho' judgment join to consecrate the strain,
 If curious numbers will not aid afford,
 Nor choicest music play in ev'ry word?
 Verses must run, to charm a modern ear, 340
 From all harsh, rugged, interruptions clear.
 Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze,
 Smooth let their current flow, as summer seas,
 Perfect then only deem'd when they dispense
 A happy tuneful vacancy of sense. 345
 Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
 Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage;
 Deaf to the calls of pity, Nature wound,
 And mangle vigour for the sake of sound.
 Henceforth farewell then fev'rish thirst of fame; 350
 Farewell the longings for a poet's name;
 Perish my Muse—a wish 'bove all severe
 To him who ever held the Muses dear—

* There was a passage or two of this kind in the first edition of *The Rosciad*, which the Review noticed, and the Poet afterwards omitted. The finest passage in Churchill's Works does him less credit than these six lines and this anecdote.

If e'er her labours weaken to refine
The gen'rous roughness of a nervous line. 355

Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase;
Their Muse must walk in stilts, and strut in stays:
The sense they murder, and the words transpose,
Lest poetry approach too near to prose.

See tortur'd Reason how they pare and trim, 360
And, like Procrustes, stretch, or lop the limb.

Waller, whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,
Parent of harmony in English verse,
Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,
In couplets first taught straggling sense to close. 365

In polish'd numbers and majestic sound,
Where shall thy rival, Pope! be ever found?
But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,
Ev'n excellence, unvary'd, tedious grows.
Nature, thro' all her works, in great degree, 370
Borrows a blessing from variety.

Music itself her needful aid requires
To rouse the soul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key the nightingale would teize;
Still in one key not Brent would always please. 375

Here let me bend, great Dryden! at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful Nine.
What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep?
Still when his subject rises proud to view, 380
With equal strength the poet rises too:

With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
 Thought still springs up and rises out of thought ;
 Numbers ennobling numbers in their course,
 In vary'd sweetness flow, in vary'd force ; 385
 The pow'rs of genius and of judgment join,
 And the whole Art of Poetry is thine.

But what are numbers, what are bards, to me,
 Forbid to tread the paths of poesy ?
 " A sacred Muse should consecrate her pen ; 390
 " Priests must not hear nor see like other men ;
 " Far higher themes should her ambition claim :
 " Behold where Sternhold points the way to fame."

Whilst with mistaken zeal dull bigots burn,
 Let Reason for a moment take her turn. 395
 When coffee-sages hold discourse with kings,
 And blindly walk in paper leading-strings,
 What if a man delight to pass his time
 In spinning reason into harmless rhyme,
 Or sometimes boldly venture to the play ? 400
 Say, where's the crime ?—great man of prudence,
 No two on earth in all things can agree ; [say ?
 All have some darling singularity :
 Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
 In gewgaws take delight, and sigh for toys. 405
 Your sceptres and your crowns, and such like things,
 Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
 In things indiff'rent Reason bids us chuse,
 Whether the whim's a monkey or a Muse.

What the grave triflers on this busy scene, 410
When they make use of this word Reason, mean,
I know not ; but, according to my plan,
'Tis Lord Chief-justice in the court of man,
Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
The friend of Virtue, and the guide to truth. 415
To her I bow, whose sacred pow'r I feel ;
To her decision make my last appeal ;
Condemn'd by her, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the pen again :
By her absolv'd, my course I'll still pursue :
If Reason's for me, God is for me too. 421

NIGHT*.

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD.

WHEN foes insult, and prudent friends dispense,
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft' with thee, Lloyd! I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief.

The mind, of solitude impatient grown, 5
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.

Let slaves to bus'ness, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,
We Night prefer, which heals or hides our care. 10

Rogues justify'd, and by success made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctify'd by gold,
Freely may bask in Fortune's partial ray,
And spread their feathers op'ning to the day;
But threadbare Merit dares not shew the head 15
Till vain Prosperity retires to bed.

Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The sons of Care are always sons of Night.

The wretch bred up in Method's drowsy school,
Whose only merit is to err by rule, 20

* This poem was written in defence of our Poet's moral character, and the irregular life of which his enemies accused him.

Who ne'er thro' heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought;
Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
Unless to move the body's dull machine,
Which, clock-work like, with the same equal pace 25
Still travels on thro' life's insipid space,
Turns up his eyes to think that there should be,
Among God's creatures, two such things as we;
Then for his nightcap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
Which kindly gave him grace to keep good hours. 30

Good hours—fine words—but was it ever seen
That all men could agree in what they mean?
Florio, who many years a course hath run
In downright opposition to the sun,
Expatriates on good hours, their cause defends 35
With as much vigour as our prudent friends.
Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,
But still in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things:
Each takes the phrase in his own private view;
With Prudence it is ten, with Florio two. 40

Go on, ye Fools! who talk for talking sake,
Without distinguishing distinctions make;
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourselves rules to all the world beside;
Reason, collected in herself, disdains 45
The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;
Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.

Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
And Reason to herself alone is law : 50
That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which she as freely grants to all mankind :
No idol-titled name her rev'rence stirs,
No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd, 55
And all are good if virt'ously enjoy'd.

Let the sage Doctor (think him one we know)
With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of wig declare
The fatal consequence of midnight air, 60
How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
Undermine life, and sap the walls of health :
For me let Galen moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be physician to myself.
Whilst soul is join'd to body, whether Fate 65
Allot a longer or a shorter date,
I'll make them live, as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill. 70
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boasted rules,
Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools ;
As well may sons of Physic hope to find 75
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.

If Rupert after ten is out of bed,
 The fool next morning can't hold up his head;
 What reason this which me to bed must call,
 Whose head, thank Heaven, never aches at all? 80
 In diff'rent courses diff'rent tempers run;
 He hates the moon, I sicken at the fun.
 Wound up at twelve at noon, his clock goes right,
 Mine better goes wound up at twelve at night.

Then in oblivion's grateful cup I drown 85
 The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,
 The strange reserve, the proud affected state
 Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
 No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest
 Who meanly overlooks a friend distressed. 90
 Purblind to poverty the worldling goes,
 And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose,
 But from a crowd can single out his Grace,
 And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.

Whether those classic regions are survey'd, 95
 Where we in earliest youth together stray'd,
 Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry shore,
 Tho' now thy happier genius runs before,
 When we conspir'd a thankless wretch to raise,
 And taught a stump to shoot with pilfer'd praise, 100
 Who once for Rev'rend merit famous grown,
 Gratefully strove to kick his maker down;
 Or if more gen'ral arguments engage,
 The court or camp, the pulpit, bar, or stage;

If half-bred surgeons, whom men Doctors call, 105
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Those mighty letter'd monsters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exercise our mirth;
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray, 110
A gainer still thy friend himself must find,
His grief suspended, and improv'd his mind.
Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed
Where Virtue, self-approv'd, reclines her head,
Whilst Vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns, 115
And conscience plants the villain's couch with thorns,
Impatient of restraint, the active mind,
No more by servile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her seat, as waken'd from a trance,
And darts thro' Nature at a single glance; 120
Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves, survey,
And see by Night what fools we are by day.
Stripp'd of her gaudy plumes and vain disguise,
See where Ambition mean and loathsome lies;
Reflection with relentless hand pulls down 125
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone;
Triumphs like these but ill with manhood suit,
And sink the conqueror beneath the brute. 130
But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,

Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whose mercies, like heav'n's dew, refreshing fall 135
In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.

Thro' a false medium things are shewn by day;
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead astray. 140
How many from appearance borrow state,
Whom Night disdains to number with the great!
Must not we laugh to see yon' lordling proud
Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd?
Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play, 145
Like insects in the sun's enliv'ning ray,
Whilst, Jehu like, he drives at furious rate,
And seems the only charioteer of state,
Talking himself into a little god,
And ruling empires with a single nod; 150
Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,
That he had int'rest, and that they had sense?
Injurious thought! beneath Night's honest shade,
When Pomp is bury'd, and false colours fade,
Plainly we see, at that impartial hour, 155
Them dupes to pride, and him the tool of pow'r.

God help the man condemn'd by cruel Fate
To court the seeming or the real great!
Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more
Than any slave who labours at the oar; 160

By slavish methods must he learn to please,
 By smooth-tongu'd flatt'ry, that curs'd court-disease;
 Supple to ev'ry wayward mood strike fail,
 And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale.
 To Nature dead he must adopt vile art, 165
 And wear a smile with anguish in his heart.
 A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
 And Conscience ne'er must speak unless in dreams.
 When he hath tamely borne, for many years,
 Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contempt'ous sneers,
 When he at last expects, good easy man! 171
 To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
 Some cringing lackey or rapacious whore,
 To favours of the great the surest door,
 Some catamite or pimp, in credit grown, 175
 Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,
 Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
 And for some minion's minion claims the prize.
 Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
 Too resolute from Nature's active heat 180
 To brook affronts and tamely pass them by,
 Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie,
 Too plain to please, too honest to be great,
 Give me, kind Heav'n! an humbler, happier state;
 Far from the place where men with pride deceive, 185
 Where rascals promise, and where fools believe;
 Far from the walk of Folly, Vice, and Strife,
 Calm, independent, let me steal thro' life,

Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile
To fear his Lordship's frown or court his smile. 190
Unfit for Greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye:
To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.

Spectators only on this bustling stage, 195
We see what vain designs mankind engage;
Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of life,
Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife;
Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed 200
For some vile spot where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight.
What odds?—to us 'tis all the self-same thing, 205
A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.

Britons, like Roman spirits fam'd of old,
Are cast by Nature in a patriot mould;
No private joy, no private grief, they know,
Their souls engross'd by public weal or woe: 210
Inglorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn;
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn:
Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,
Give them but credit for a statesman's brains.
All would be deem'd, ev'n from the cradle, fit 215
To rule in politics as well as wit.

The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God blefs us!) statemen all at once.

His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
The court-bred lord his promises and debts; 220
Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
The rake his mistress, and the fop himself,
Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
And their wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear.

Females themselves the glorious ardour feel, 225
And boast an equal or a greater zeal;
From nymph to nymph the state-infection flies,
Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beside. 230
No more their little flutt'ring hearts confess
A passion for applause, or rage for dress;
No more they pant for public rareeshows,
Or lose one thought on monkies or on beaus :
Coquettes no more pursue the jilting plan, 235
And lustful prudes forget to rail at man :
The darling theme Cecilia's self will chuse,
Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of news.

The cit, a Common-Councilman by place,
Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face, 240
By situation as by nature great,
With nice precision parcels out the state;
Proves and disproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himself, and to himself replies;

Wielding aloft the politician rod, 245
 Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god;
 Maintains, ev'n to the very teeth of Pow'r,
 The same thing right and wrong in half an hour:
 Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
 And plainly proves whatever is is not: 250
 Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
 And deals out empires as he deals out thread;
 His uselefs scales are in a corner flung,
 And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

Peace to fuch triflers! be our happier plan 255
 To pafs thro' life as easy as we can.
 Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
 Nor ftirs my curiosity nor spleen.
 Secrets of ftate no more I wifh to know
 Than fecret movements of a puppetfhew: 260
 Let but the puppets move I've my defire,
 Unfeen the hand which guides the mafter-wire.
 What is't to us if taxes rife or fall?
 Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.
 Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal, 265
 Lament thofe hardships which we cannot feel.
 His Grace who farts may bellow if he pleafe,
 But muft I bellow too who fit at eafe?
 By cuftom fafe, the poet's numbers flow
 Free as the light and air fome years ago. 270
 No ftatesman e'er will find it worth his pains
 To tax our labours, and excife our brains.

Burthens like these vile earthly buildings bear;
No tribute's laid on castles in the air.

Let then the flames of war destructive reign, 275
And England's terrors awe imperious Spain;
Let ev'ry venal clan and neutral tribe
Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;
Let each new-year call loud for new supplies,
And tax on tax with double burthen rise; 280
Exempt we sit, by no rude cares oppress'd,
And, having little, are with little blest'd.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply;
Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away, 285
Nor one dull thought foretells approach of day.

Thus have we liv'd, and, whilst the Fates afford
Plain plenty to supply the frugal board,
Whilst Mirth with Decency, his lovely bride,
And wine's gay god, with Temp'rance by his side, 290
Their welcome visit pay; whilst Health attends
The narrow circle of our chosen friends;
Whilst frank Good-humour consecrates the treat,
And woman makes society complete,
Thus will we live, tho' in our teeth are hurl'd 295
Those hackney strumpets, Prudence and the World.

Prudence, of old a sacred term, imply'd
Virtue, with godlike Wisdom for her guide,
But now in gen'ral use is known to mean
The stalking-horse of Vice, and Folly's screen. 300

The sense perverted we retain the name ;
Hypocrisy and Prudence are the same.

A tutor once, more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
Demurely fly, with high preferment blest'd, 305
His fav'rite pupil in these words address'd :

“ Wouldst thou, my Son ! be wise and virtuous
By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd ? [deem'd,
Be this thy rule ; be what men Prudent call ;
Prudence, almighty Prudence ! gives thee all. 310
Keep up appearances ; there lies the test ;
The world will give thee credit for the rest.
Outward be fair, however foul within ;
Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.

This maxim's into common favour grown, 315
Vice is no longer vice unless 'tis known.
Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field ;
But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
Should raging passions drive thee to a whore,
Let Prudence lead thee to a postern door ; 320
Stay out all night, but take especial care
That Prudence bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with study faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a faint.”

With joy the youth this useful lesson heard, 325
And in his mem'ry stor'd each precious word,
Successfully pursu'd the plan, and now,
“ Room for my Lord—Virtue, stand by and bow.”

And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
To mask but not amend a vicious heart? 330
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanour grave
For wise and good stamp ev'ry supple knave?
Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and states with empty forms,
Whilst Virtue seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize, 335
Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise;
Because she frankly pours forth all her store,
Seems what she is, and scorns to pass for more?
Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold 339
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boast their dear-bought gold;
Me neither pow'r shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,
To flatter others, or deny myself;
Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,
I would not be that thing, that prudent man. 344

“What!” cries Sir Phant, “would you then oppose
Yourself, alone, against an host of foes?
Let not conceit, and peevish lust to rail,
Above all sense of interest prevail.
Throw off, for shame! this petulance of wit;
Be wise, be modest, and for once submit: 350
Too hard the task 'gainst multitudes to fight;
You must be wrong; the World is in the right.”

What is this World? a term which men have got
To signify not one in ten knows what;
A term which with no more precision passes 355
To point out herds of men than herds of asses;

In common use no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in same opinions join'd.

Can numbers then change Nature's stated laws?
Can numbers make the worse the better cause? 360
Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,
Tho' thousands rail at good and practise ill.

Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage,
Because vast nations on his part engage?
Tho' to support the rebel Cæsar's cause 365
Tumult'ous legions arm against the laws,
Tho' Scandal would our patriot's name impeach,
And rails at virtues which she cannot reach,
What honest man but would with joy submit
To bleed with Cato, and retire with Pitt? 370

Stedfast and true to Virtue's sacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,
Let the World talk, my Friend! that World, we know,
Which calls us guilty cannot make us so.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan; 375
Assert the rights, or quit the name of man.
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;
Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd, be strong.
In spite of Dulness, and in spite of Wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit, 380
Rather stand up, assur'd with conscious pride,
Alone, than err with millions on thy side. 382

AN EPISTLE

TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AMONGST the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own ?
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence ;
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is jealousy, a rival there.

Be wicked as thou wilt ; do all that's base ;
Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race :
Let vice and folly thy black soul divide ;
Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride : 10
Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honour, fall
From side to side, yet be of none at all :
Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
Which Nature, in her bounty, good as wife,
To work our safety and ensure her plan, 15
Contriv'd to bind and rivet man to man :
Lift against virtue Pow'r's oppressive rod ;
Betray thy country, and deny thy God ;
And, in one gen'ral comprehensive line,
To group, which volumes scarcely could define, 20
Whate'er of sin and dulness can be said,
Join to a F——'s heart a D——'s head ;

Yet may'st thou pass unnoticed in the throng,
And, free from envy, safely sneak along;
The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shown 25
To saints whose lives are better than his own,
Shall spare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, shall forgive a dunce.

But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
Vile int'rest scorn, nor madly grasp at pow'r; 30
Should love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind
A brave disease, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, try'd
In Reason's court, is amply justify'd;
Or, fond of knowledge, and averse to strife, 35
Shouldst thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
Shouldst thou, by pale and sickly Study led,
Pursue coy Science to the fountain-head;
Virtue thy guide, and public good thy end,
Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend, 40
To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the sick weal, and humanize mankind;
Rage in her eye, and malice in her breast,
Redoubled Horror grinning on her crest,
Fiercer each snake, and sharper ev'ry dart, 45
Quick from her cell shall madd'ning Envy start;
Then shalt thou find, but find, alas! too late,
How vain is Worth! how short is Glory's date!
Then shalt thou find, whilst friends with foes conspire
To give more proof than virtue would desire, 50

Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.

Whilst Satire thus, disdaining mean control,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul,
Candour, who, with the charity of Paul,
Still thinks the best, whene'er she thinks at all,
With the sweet milk of human kindness blest'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd.

Canst thou, with more than usual warmth, she cry'd,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride;
Canst thou, severe by Nature as thou art,
With all that wondrous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture truth ten thousand ways,
To spin detraction forth from themes of praise,
To make Vice sit, for purposes of strife,
And draw the hag much larger than the life,
To make the good seem bad, the bad seem worse,
And represent our nature as our curse?

Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?
Doth not Discretion warn thee of disgrace,
And Danger, grinning, stare thee in the face,
Loud as the drum which, spreading terror round,
From emptiness acquires the pow'r of sound?
Doth not the voice of Norton strike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy soul with fear?
Dost thou, fond Man! believe thyself secure,
Because thou'rt honest, and because thou'rt poor?

Dost thou on law and liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend! 80
Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of Pow'r?
When Wilkes, prejudg'd, is sentenc'd to the Tow'r?
Dost thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?
Or to prerogative (that glorious ground 85
On which state-scoundrels oft' have safety found)
Dost thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
Unpunish'd, thus to libel human kind?

When poverty, the poet's constant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhyme, 90
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Hadst thou not valu'd honour more than bread;
Had Int'rest, pliant Int'rest, been thy guide,
And had not Prudence been debauch'd by Pride,
In Flatt'ry's stream thou wouldst have dipp'd thy pen,
Apply'd to great and not to honest men, 96
Nor should conviction have seduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker tho' the better part.

What but rank folly, for thy curse decreed,
Could into Satire's barren path mislead, 100
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-soothing Panegyric's flow'ry way?
There might the Muse have faunter'd at her ease,
And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please;
Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat, 105
And ladies, simp'ring, own'd it vastly sweet;

Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue grac'd,
Fools mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste,
Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such wit, such truth as thine, to quit the gown. 110
Thy sacred brethren too (for they no less
Than laymen bring their off'rings to success)
Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere, as that they pay to God, whilst thou
In lawn hadst whisper'd to a sleeping crowd, 115
As dull as R——, and half as proud.

Peace, Candour---wisely hadst thou said and well,
Could Int'rest in this breast one moment dwell;
Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
The firm resolves which from conviction rose. 120
I cannot truckle to a fool of state,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate:
Free leave have others by such means to shine;
I scorn their practice; they may laugh at mine.

But in this charge, forgetful of thyself, 125
Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that elf
Whom God, in wrath, for man's dishonour fram'd
Cunning in heav'n, amongst us Prudence nam'd,
That servile prudence, which I leave to those
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes. 130

Had I, with cruel and oppressive rhymes,
Pursu'd, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;

Had I made Modesty in blushes speak, 135
 And drawn the tear down beauty's sacred cheek;
 Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
 To wound that sex which honour bids me praise;
 Had I, from vengeance, by base views betray'd,
 In endless night sunk injur'd Ayliff's shade; 140
 Had I (which satirists of mighty name,
 Renown'd in rhyme, rever'd for moral fame,
 Have done before, whom justice shall pursue
 In future verse) brought forth to public view
 A noble friend, and made his foibles known, 145
 Because his worth was greater than my own*;
 Had I spar'd those (so Prudence had decreed)
 Whom, God so help me at my greatest need,
 I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their king
 Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they sting;
 Or had I not taught Patriot Zeal to boast 151
 Of those who flatter least, but love him most;
 Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
 At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
 The deep rebuke; myself should be the first 155
 To hate myself, and stamp my Muse accurs'd.

But shall my arm---forbid it, manly pride,
 Forbid it reason, warring on my side---
 For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,
 And hang suspended in the desert air, 160

* This alludes to Pope's famous character of Atticus, said to have been published, if not written, after Addison's death.

Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sink down;
 Palsy'd, forsooth, by Candour's half-made frown?
 When Justice bids me on, shall I delay,
 Because insipid Candour bars my way?
 When she, of all alike the puling friend,
 Would disappoint my satire's noblest end;
 When she to villains would a sanction give,
 And shelter those who are not fit to live;
 When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
 And bids me spare whom reason bids me crush;
 All leagues with Candour proudly I resign;
 She cannot be for Honour's turn nor mine.

Yet come, cold Monitor! half foe, half friend,
 Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't commend;
 Come, Candour! by thy dull indiff'rence known,
 Thou equal-blooded judge, thou lukewarm drone,
 Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect
 We call that virtue which we know defect;
 Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
 The gross and rank complexion of the times,
 Observe it well, and then review my plan,
 Praise if you will, or censure if you can.

Whilst Vice presumpt'ous lords it as in sport,
 And Piety is only known at court;
 Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies
 Beneath the fatal burthen of Excise;
 Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
 What men of humble rank would blush to name;

Whilst Honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
 Worshipp'd by those who justice never knew; 190
 Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play,
 The hours of rest, and blunder thro' the day,
 With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
 Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep;
 Whilst fathers, by relentless passion led, 195
 Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
 Merely with ill-got, ill-fav'd, wealth to grace,
 An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race;
 Whilst Martin flatters only to betray,
 And Webb gives up his dirty soul for pay; 200
 Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
 Whilst peers are agents made, and agents peers;
 Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
 And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
 Whilst C——, false to God and man, for gold, 205
 Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,
 To shame his master, friend, and father, gives;
 Whilst Bute remains in pow'r, whilst Holland lives;
 Can satire want a subject, where Disdain,
 By virtue fir'd, may point her sharpest strain? 210
 Where, cloath'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
 And candour justify the rage of song?
 Such things! such men before thee! such an age!
 Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
 And sicken ev'n to surfeit; where the pride 215
 Of satire, pouring down in fullest tide,

May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
 Justice behold the ruin with a smile;
 Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,
 Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem, 220
 Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, chuse
 To soil the credit of thy haughty Muse?
 With fallacy, most infamous, to stain
 Her truth, and render all her anger vain?
 When I beheld thee, incorrect but bold, 225
 A various comment on the stage unfold;
 When play'rs on play'rs before thy satire fell,
 And poor Reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell;
 When states and statesmen next became thy care,
 And only kings were safe if thou wast there, 230
 Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in judgment's scale,
 And in thy ev'ry word found truth prevail;
 Why dost thou now to falsehood meanly fly?
 Not even candour can forgive a lie.

Bad as men are, why should thy frantic rhymes
 Traffic in slander, and invent new crimes? 236
 Crimes which, existing only in thy mind,
 Weak spleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
 By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
 To practise virtue and improve in art; 240
 To thwart these ends (which, proud of honest fame,
 A noble Muse would cherish and inflame)
 Thy drudge contrives, and in our full career
 Sicklies our hopes with the pale hue of fear;

Tells us that all our labours are in vain; 245
That what we seek we never can obtain;
That, dead to virtue, lost to Nature's plan,
Envy possesses the whole race of man;
That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wise. 250

'Tis a rank falsehood; search the world around,
There cannot be so vile a monster found,
Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
Of that gross guilt which you impute to all.
Approv'd by those who disobey her laws, 255
Virtue from vice itself extorts applause:
Her very foes bear witness to her state;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
Hate Virtue for herself! with spite pursue
Merit for merit's sake! might this be true 260
I would renounce my nature with disdain,
And with the beasts that perish graze the plain;
Might this be true, had we so far fill'd up
The measure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find, 265
Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg, behind,
Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in justice crush us all.
None but the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
Those who for double guilt are doubly curst, 270
Can be so lost; nor can the worst of all
At once into such deep damnation fall;

By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
Which ev'n in hell must be a work of time.
Cease, then, thy guilty rage, thou wayward son! 275
With the foul gall of discontent o'er-run;
Lift to my voice---be honest, if you can,
Nor slander Nature in her fav'rite man.
But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
Once having err'd, persists in error still, 280
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent those blasphemies in air,
Which I would stamp as false, tho' on the tongue
Of angels the injurious slander hung.

Dup'd by thy vanity, (that cunning elf, 285
Who snares the coxcomb to deceive himself)
Or blinded by thy rage, didst thou believe
That we too, coolly, would ourselves deceive?
'That we, as sterling, falsehood would admit,
Because 'twas season'd with some little wit? 290
When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
Hast thou, maintaining that which must disgrace 295
And bring into contempt the human race;
Hast thou, or canst thou, in Truth's sacred court,
'To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground,
On which so great, so gross, a charge to found? 300

Nay, dost thou know one man (let that appear,
From wilful falsehood I'll proclaim thee clear)
One man so lost, to Nature so untrue,
From whom this gen'ral charge thy rashness drew?
On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall--- 309
Prove that in one which you have charg'd on all.
Reason determines, and it must be done;
'Mongst men or past or present name me one.

Hogarth---I take thee, Candour, at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard. 310
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name;
By thee have I been charg'd in angry strains
With that mean falsehood which my soul disdains---
Hogarth! stand forth---Nay, hang not thus aloof-- 315
Now, Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear---
Hogarth! stand forth---I dare thee to be try'd
In that great court where Conscience must preside; 320
At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account, you stand---
Speak, but consider well---from first to last
Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action past---
Nay, you shall have no reason to complain--- 325
Take longer time, and view them o'er again---
Canst thou remember from thy earliest youth,
And as thy God must judge thee speak the truth,

A single instance where, self laid aside,
And justice taking place of fear and pride, 330
Thou with an equal eye didst genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due ?
Genius and merit are a sure offence,
And thy soul sickens at the name of sense.

Is any one so foolish to succeed, 335
On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed ?
Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
The place of executioner supplies :
See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
And proves himself by cruelty a priest. 340

Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
Would bury all those pow'rs which Nature gave ;
Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
Those rays thy jealousy could not endure ;
To feed thy vanity would rust unknown, 345
And to secure thy credit blast his own,
In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend ;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend :
But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
Shook off that lethargy and soar'd to fame ; 350
When, with the pride of man, resolv'd and strong,
He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong,
And, on himself determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee could such a rebel know ; 355
He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.

Souls of a tim'rous cast, of petty name
 In Envy's court, not yet quite dead to shame,
 May some remorse, some qualms of conscience, feel,
 And suffer honour to abate their zeal ; 360
 But the man truly and completely great
 Allows no rule of action but his hate ;
 Thro' ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
 Passion his principle, and parts his prey.
 Mediums in vice and virtue speak a mind 365
 Within the pale of temperance confin'd ;
 The daring spirit scorns her narrow schemes,
 And, good or bad, is always in extremes.

Man's practice duly weigh'd, thro' ev'ry age
 On the same plan hath Envy form'd her rage 370
 'Gainst those whom Fortune hath our rivals made
 In way of science and in way of trade :
 Stung with mean jealousy she arms her spite,
 First works, then views their ruin with delight.
 Our Hogarth here, a grand improver, shines, 375
 And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines ;
 He like himself o'erleaps the servile bound ;
 Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found.
 Should painters only his vast wrath suffice ?
 Genius in ev'ry walk is lawful prize : 380
 'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state ;
 His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When Wilkes, our countryman, our common friend,
 Arose his king, his country, to defend ;

When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view, 385
And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew;
When Rancour found it far beyond her reach
To soil his honour and his truth impeach;
What could induce thee, at a time and place
Where manly foes had blush'd to shew their face, 390
To make that effort which must damn thy name,
And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave, with shame?
Did virtue move thee? no; 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou hadst not done it thou hadst dy'd.
Malice (who, disappointed of her end, 395
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herself, and, driven to the stake,
Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmost verge,
Had Wilkes and Liberty escap'd thy scourge. 400
When that Great Charter, which our fathers bought
With their best blood, was into question brought;
When, big with ruin, o'er each English head
Vile Slav'ry hung suspended by a thread;
When Liberty, all trembling and aghast, 405
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past;
When ev'ry breast was chill'd with deep despair,
Till reason pointed out that Pratt was there;
Lurking, most ruffian-like, behind a screen,
So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen, 410
Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palsy'd hand.

What was the cause of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour? let them sink or swim,
So he may gratify, without control,
The mean resentments of his selfish soul;
Let freedom perish, if, to freedom true,
In the same ruin Wilkes may perish too.

With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
With age and sickness pinch'd and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and falt'ring tongue,
The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
Thy body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk,
The body's weight unable to sustain,
The stream of life scarce trembling thro' the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honest truths, which fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee well,
Canst thou, ev'n thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things else, to malice live?
Hence, Dotard! to thy closet; shut thee in;
By deep repentance wash away thy sin;
From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

Vain exhortation! wash the Ethiop white,
Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
Control the course of Nature, bid the deep
Hush at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep,
Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in such a heart.

That envy which was woven in the frame
At first, will to the last remain the same.
Reason may droop, may die; but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers strength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen, 445
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that Envy, who, with giant stride,
Stalks thro' the vale of life by Virtue's side,
Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,
And calmly hears her praises after death. 450
To such observers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die;
Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
A mansion suited well to such a guest,
Immortal, unimpair'd, she rears her head, 455
And damns alike the living and the dead.
Oft' have I known thee, Hogarth! weak and vain,
Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain,
Thro' the dull measure of a summer's day,
In phrase most vile, prate long long hours away, 460
Whilst friends with friends, all gaping fit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise;
But if athwart thee Interruption came,
And mention'd with respect some ancient's name,
Some ancient's name who, in the days of yore, 465
The crown of art with greatest honour wore,
How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale!

How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,
 And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own! 470
 Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
 And arts and artists all became thy prey;
 Then didst thou trample on establish'd rules,
 And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools,
 Condemn'd those works, with praise thro' ages grac'd,
 Which you had never seen, or could not taste. 476
 "But would mankind have true perfection shown,
 "It must be found in labours of my own:
 "I dare to challenge, in one single piece,
 "Th' united force of Italy and Greece." 480
 Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
 And brought the boasted masterpiece to view.
 Spare thy remarks--say not a single word--
 The picture seen, why is the painter heard?
 Call not up shame and anger in our cheeks; 485
 Without a comment Sigismunda speaks.
 Poor Sigismunda! what a fate is thine!
 Dryden, the great high-priest of all the Nine,
 Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muse could give,
 And in his numbers bade thy mem'ry live; 490
 Gave thee those soft sensations which might move
 And warm the coldest anchorite to love;
 Gave thee that virtue which could curb desire,
 Refine and consecrate love's headstrong fire;
 Gave thee those griefs which made the Stoic feel, 495
 And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel;

Gave thee that firmness which our sex may shame,
 And make man bow to woman's juster claim,
 So that our tears, which from compassion flow,
 Seem to debase thy dignity of woe. 500
 But, O! how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!
 How much from Nature and herself estrang'd!
 How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
 To shew her feelings and awaken ours,
 Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand, 505
 The helpless victim of a dauber's hand!

But why, my Hogarth! such a progress made,
 So rare a pattern for the sign-post trade?
 In the full force and whirlwind of thy pride;
 Why was heroic painting laid aside? 510
 Why is it not resum'd? thy friends at court,
 Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy support;
 Be grateful then for once, and thro' the field
 Of politics thy epic pencil wield;
 Maintain the cause which they, good lack! avow, 515
 And would maintain too, but they know not how.

Thro' ev'ry pannel let thy virtue tell
 How Bute prevail'd, how Pitt and Temple fell!
 How England's sons (whom they conspir'd to bless)
 Against our will with insolent success) 520
 Approve their fall, and with Addresses run,
 How got, God knows, to hail the Scottish sun?
 Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
 From the strong arm of Justice, shook the world:

Thine and thy country's honour to increase, 525
Point out the honours of succeeding peace;
Our moderation, Christian-like, display,
Shew what we got, and what we gave away;
In colours dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a state-chaos thro' the whole prevail. 530

But, of events regardless, whilst the Muse,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme pursues;
Whilst her quick spirits rouse at Freedom's call,
And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall;
Whilst a dear country and an injur'd friend 535
Urge my strong anger to the bitt' rest end;
Whilst honest trophies to revenge are rais'd,
Let not one real virtue pass unprais'd:
Justice with equal course bids satire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greatest foe. 540

O! that I here could that rare virtue mean,
Which scorns the rule of envy, pride, and spleen,
Which springs not from the labour'd works of art,
But hath its rise from Nature in the heart;
Which in itself with happiness is crown'd, 545
And spreads with joy the blessing all around!
But truth forbids, and, in these simple lays,
Contented with a diff'rent kind of praise,
Must Hogarth stand; that praise which genius gives,
In which to latest time the artist lives, 550
But not the man; which, rightly understood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good:

That praise be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
The wreath which Genius wove, and planted there:
Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down, 555
Myself would labour to replace the crown.

In walks of humour, in that cast of style
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name, 560
Where a beginning, middle, and an end,
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole;
Where a plain story to the eye is told, 565
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

How couldst thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee shun?
Why did Ambition overleap her rules, 571
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent men excel;
But where is he who can do all things well?
Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime 575
Pride struck thee with the frenzy of sublime;
But when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor see those faults which ev'ry blockhead saw? 580

Blush, thou vain man! and if desire of fame,
 Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,
 To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
 And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.

But should fond Candour, for her mercy sake, 585
 With pity view, and pardon this mistake;
 Or should Oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
 Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind;
 Of arts despis'd, of artists, by thy frown
 Aw'd from just hopes, of rising worth kept down, 590
 Of all thy meanness thro' this mortal race,
 Canst thou the living memory erase?
 Or shall not vengeance follow to the grave,
 And give back just that measure which you gave?
 With so much merit, and so much success, 595
 With so much pow'r to curse, so much to bless,
 Would he have been man's friend instead of foe,
 Hogarth had been a little god below.
 Why then, like savage giants, fam'd of old,
 Of whom in Scripture story we are told, 600
 Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ,
 Which Nature meant to save, not to destroy?
 Why dost thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
 Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou hast made?
 Most rank ill-nature must applaud thy art, 605
 But even candour must condemn thy heart.

For me, who, warm and zealous for my friend,
 In spite of railing thousands will commend,

And no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,
Spite of commending thousands will oppose, 610
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age;
Thy feeble age! in which, as in a glass,
We see how men to dissolution pass.

'Thou wretched being! whom, on reason's plan, 615
So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a man,
What could persuade thee, at this time of life,
'To launch afresh into the sea of strife?
Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
Almost as much a child as at thy birth, 620
To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.

Why would thy gray, gray hairs resentment brave,
Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave?
Now, by my soul! it makes me blush to know 625
My spirits could descend to such a foe:
Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke,
It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke.

Sure 'tis a curse which angry Fates impose,
To mortify man's arrogance, that those 630
Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs must humbled Genius feel,
In their last hours, to view a Swift and Steele!
How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast 635
When she beholds men, mark'd above the rest

For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
 And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's night!
 Are men, indeed, such things? and are the best
 More subject to this evil than the rest, 640
 To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,
 And sit the monuments of living death!
 O! galling circumstance to human pride!
 Abasing thought! but not to be deny'd.
 With curious art the brain, too finely wrought, 645
 Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought.
 Constant attention wears the active mind,
 Blots out her pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind.
 But let not youth, to insolence ally'd,
 In heat of blood, in full career of pride, 650
 Possess'd of genius, with unhallow'd rage
 Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age:
 The greatest genius to this fate may bow;
 Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now *. 654

* The painter, of course, revenged himself in caricature;
 but many an eye has read Churchill's Epistle which never saw
 Hogarth's Bruin. The last paragraph of the Poem will not be
 forgotten when party-disputes shall cease to be remembered.

THE CONFERENCE.

GRACE said in form, which sceptics must agree,
When they are told that grace was said by me;
The servants gone to break the scurvy jest
On the proud landlord and his threadbare guest;
The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawn, 5
My Lord, in usual taste, began to yawn,
And, lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an insipid kind of stupid stare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about---
Churchill, you have a poem coming out: 10
You've my best wishes; but I really fear
Your Muse in general is too severe;
Her spirit seems her int'rest to oppose,
And where she makes one friend makes twenty foes.

C. Your Lordship's fears are just; I feel their force,
But only feel it as a thing of course. 16
The man whose hardy spirit shall engage
To lash the vices of a guilty age,
At his first setting forward ought to know
That ev'ry rogue he meets must be his foe; 20
That the rude breath of satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear, the stroke.
But shall the partial rage of selfish men
From stubborn Justice wrench the righteous pen?

Or shall I not my settled course pursue,
Because my foes are foes to virtue too?

L. What is this boasted Virtue, taught in schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her use? point out one wholesome end:
Will she hurt foes, or can she make a friend?
When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this same Virtue stifle Nature's cries?
Can she the pittance of a meal afford,
Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Canst thou dismiss the hard unfeeling dun
Barely by saying thou art Virtue's son?
Or by base blund'ring statesmen sent to jail,
Will Mansfield take this Virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not, the name is in disgrace;
Virtue and Temple now are out of place.

Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True virtue means, let Reason use her eyes,
Nothing with fools, and int'rest with the wise.
Wouldst thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name:
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to Virtue poverty and scorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go?

To be successful try thy utmost force,
And virtue follows as a thing of course.

Hirco, who knows not Hirco? stains the bed. 55
Of that kind master who first gave him bread;
Scatters the seeds of discord thro' the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band;
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son: 60
What mortal in his senses can endure
The name of Hirco? for the wretch is poor!
“Let him hang, drown, starve, on a dunghill rot,
“By all detested live, and die forgot;
“Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath 65
“Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in death,”
Is now the gen'ral cry we all pursue;
Let Fortune change, and Prudence changes too;
Supple and pliant a new system feels,
Throws up her cap and spaniels at his heels, 70
Long live great Hirco! cries, by int'rest taught,
And let his foes, tho' I prove one, be nought.

C. Peace to such men, if such men can have peace,
Let their possessions, let their state, increase;
Let their base services in courts strike root, 75
And in the season bring forth golden fruit,
I envy not; let those who have the will,
And with so little spirit so much skill,
With such vile instruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honest man dares starve. 80

L. These stale conceits thrown off, let us advance
 For once to real life, and quit romance.
 Starve! pretty talking! but I fain would view
 That man, that honest man, would do it too.
 Hence to yon' mountain which outbraves the sky, 85
 And dart from pole to pole thy strengthen'd eye;
 Thro' all that space you shall not view one man,
 Not one, who dares to act on such a plan.
 Cowards in calms will say what in a storm
 The brave will tremble at and not perform. 90
 Thine be the proof, and, spite of all you've said,
 You'd give your honour for a crust of bread.

C. What proof might do, what hunger might effect,
 What famish'd Nature, looking with neglect
 On all she once held dear, what fear, at strife 95
 With fainting virtue for the means of life,
 Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
 Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,
 In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
 Trusting to Fate, I neither know nor care. 100

Once, at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
 Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
 Those wounds, which Fate severely hath decreed,
 Mention'd or thought of, must for ever bleed;
 Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man
 Which brings such mighty aid to virtue's plan; 106
 Once, aw'd by Fortune's most oppressive frown,
 By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,

My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith, till one, a friend indeed,
May all distress find such in time of need,
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By virtue guided, and by wisdom taught,
Image of him whom Christians should adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to shore.

Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for some little merit largely prais'd;
Indulg'd in swerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools;
Plac'd above want, shall abject thirst of wealth
So fiercely war'gainst my soul's dearest health,
That, as a boon, I should base shackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myself a slave?
That I should in the train of those appear,
Whom Honour cannot love, nor Manhood fear?

That I no longer sculk from street to street,
Afraid lest duns assail and bailiffs meet;
That I from place to place this carcass bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the awkward friend,
Whose very obligations must offend;
Nor, all too forward, with impatience burn
At suff'ring favours which I can't return;

That, from dependence and from pride secure,
 I am not plac'd so high to scorn the poor,
 Nor yet so low, that I my Lord should fear,
 Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer; 140
 That, whilst sage Prudence my pursuits confirms,
 I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
 That, kind to others, to myself most true,
 Feeling no want, I comfort those who do,
 And with the will have pow'r to aid distress; 145
 These, and what other blessings I possess,
 From the indulgence of the public rise,
 All private patronage my soul defies.
 By candour more inclin'd to save than damn,
 A gen'rous public made me what I am. 150
 All that I have they gave; just mem'ry hears
 The grateful stamp, and what I am is theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for freedom's cause,
 To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,
 For public good to bellow all abroad, 155
 Serves well the purposes of private fraud.
 Prudence by public good intends her own;
 If you mean otherwise, you stand alone.
 What do we mean by country and by court?
 What is it to oppose? what to support? 160
 Mere words of course, and what is more absurd
 Than to pay homage to an empty word?
 Majors and minors differ but in name;
 Patriots and ministers are much the same;

The only diff'rence, after all their rout, 163
Is that the one is in, the other out.

Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
The same grand leading principle in all. 170

Whate'er we talk of wisdom to the wise,
Of goodness to the good, of public ties
Which to our country link, of private bands
Which claim most dear attention at our hands,
For parent and for child, for wife and friend, 175
Our first great mover, and our last great end,
Is one, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, self is all in all.

This, which unwilling faction shall admit,
Guided in diff'rent ways a Bute and Pitt, 180
Made tyrants break, made kings observe the law,
And gave the world a Stewart and Nassau.

Hath Nature (strange and wild conceit of pride)
Distinguish'd thee from all her sons beside?
Doth virtue in thy bosom brighter glow, 185
Or from a spring more pure doth action flow?
Is not thy soul bound with those very chains
Which shackle us? or is that self which reigns
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we see
Most strong and sov'reign, only weak in thee? 190
Fond man! believe it not; experience tells
'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride, rebels.

Think, (and for once lay by thy lawless pen)
 Think, and confefs thyself like other men;
 Think but one hour, and, to thy conscience led 195
 By Reason's hand, bow down and hang thy head:
 Think on thy private life, recall thy youth,
 View thyself now, and own, with strictest truth,
 That self hath drawn thee from fair Virtue's way
 Farther than Folly would have dar'd to stray, 200
 And that the talents lib'ral Nature gave
 To make thee free have made thee more a slave.

Quit, then, in prudence quit, that idle train
 Of toys, which have so long abus'd thy brain,
 And captive led thy pow'rs; with boundless will 205
 Let Self maintain her state and empire still,
 But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
 Strain all the faculties and force of thought
 To things of higher daring; let her range
 'Thro' better pastures, and learn how to change; 210
 Let her, no longer to weak faction ty'd,
 Wisely revolt, and join our stronger side.

C. Ah! what, my Lord, hath private life * to do
 With things of public nature? why to view
 Would you thus cruelly those scenes unfold 215
 Which, without pain and horror to behold,
 Must speak me something more or less than man,
 Which friends may pardon, but I never can?

* In the Annual Register, soon after Churchill's death, was published an Account of his life.---Whatever were that life, these manly honest lines are almost an excuse for it.

Look back ! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear. 220
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul ;
Free and at large might their wild curses roam, 225
If all, if all, alas ! were well at home.
No---'tis the tale which angry Conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt ; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review, 230
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at Reason's call ;
Arm'd at all points bids scorpion Vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up Reflection's glass,
'The mind which, starting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own. 236
Enough of this---let private sorrows rest---
As to the public I dare stand the test ;
Dare proudly boast I feel no wish above
The good of England, and my country's love. 240
Stranger to party-rage, by Reason's voice,
Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
No, nor of hell, shall make me change my mind.
What ! herd with men my honest soul disdains, 245
Men who with servile zeal are forging chains

For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand
 To spread destruction o'er my native land.
 What! shall I not, ev'n to my latest breath,
 In the full face of danger and of death 250
 Exert that little strength which Nature gave,
 And boldly stem, or perish in the wave?

L. When I look backward for some fifty years,
 And see protesting patriots turn'd to peers;
 Hear men, most loose, for decency declaim, 255
 And talk of character without a name;
 See infidels assert the cause of God,
 And meek divines wield persecution's rod;
 See men transform'd to brutes and brutes to men,
 See Whitehead take a place, Ralph change his pen, 260
 I mock the zeal, and deem the men in sport,
 Who rail at ministers and curse a court.
 Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rhyme,
 Shall some preferment, offer'd at a time
 When virtue sleeps, some sacrifice to pride, 265
 Or some fair victim, move to change thy side.
 Thee shall these eyes behold, to health restor'd,
 Using, as Prudence bids, bold Satire's sword,
 Gallling thy present friends, and praising those
 Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greatest foes. 270

C. May I (can worse disgrace on manhood fall?)
 Be born a Whitehead *, and baptiz'd a Paul;

* This man, by his will, bequeathed his heart to Lord le Despencer, so frequently celebrated in these pages by the name

May I (tho' to his service deeply ty'd
 By sacred oaths, and now by will ally'd)
 With false feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend, 275
 And use his name for some base private end;
 May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
 O'er my sick spirits, and unmans my soul)
 Ruin the virtue which I held most dear,
 And still must hold; may I, thro' abject fear, 280
 Betray my friend; may to succeeding times,
 Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
 Stand blazing forth, whilst, mark'd with envious blot,
 Each little act of virtue is forgot;
 Of all those evils which, to stamp men curst, 285
 Hell keeps in store for vengeance, may the worst
 Light on my head; and in my day of woe,
 To make the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
 May I be scorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
 Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth, 290
 Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
 Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,
 If I am one among the many known
 Whom Shelburne fled, and Calcraft blush'd to own.

L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?

C. I do, and that's the reason I oppose. 296
 Friends I have made whom Envy must commend,
 But not one foe whom I would wish a friend.

of D-----d. The reader may form his own judgment of the value and propriety of the legacy.

What if ten thousand Butes and Hollands bawl?
One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all. 300

'Tis not the title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious streams on recent men, who came
From stems unknown, and fires without a name;

'Tis not the star, which our great Edward gave 305
To mark the virt'ous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilst a base heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and sin;

'Tis not the tinsel grandeur, taught to wait,
At custom's call, to mark a fool of state 310
From fools of lesser note, that soul can awe,
Whose pride is reason, whose defence is law.

L. Suppose, (a thing scarce possible in art,
Were it thy cue to play a common part)
Suppose thy Writings so well fenc'd in law, 315
That N—— cannot find nor make a flaw——
Hast thou not heard, that 'mongst our ancient tribes,
By party warpt, or lull'd asleep by bribes,
Or trembling at the ruffian hand of Force,
Law hath suspended stood, or chang'd its course? 320
Art thou assur'd that, for destruction ripe,
Thou may'st not smart beneath the self-same gripe?
What sanction hast thou, frantic in thy rhymes,
Thy life, thy freedom, to secure?

C. The times.

'Tis not on law, a system great and good, 325
By Wisdom penn'd, and bought by noblest blood,
My faith relies: by wicked men and vain
Law once abus'd may be abus'd again.---
No; on our great lawgiver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to her proper end; 330
Whose royalty of nature blazes out
So fierce, 'twere sin to entertain a doubt---
Did tyrant Stewarts now the laws dispense,
(Bless'd be the hour and hand which sent them hence!)
For something or for nothing, for a word 335
Or thought, I might be doom'd to death unheard.
Life we might all resign to lawless pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchase of an hour;
But envy ne'er shall fix so foul a stain
On the fair annals of a Brunswick's reign. 340
If, slave to party, to revenge or pride;
If, by frail human error drawn aside,
I break the Law, strict rigour let her wear;
'Tis her's to punish, and 'tis mine to bear;
Nor, by the voice of Justice doom'd to death, 345
Would I ask mercy with my latest breath:
But, anxious only for my country's good,
In which my King's, of course, is understood;
Form'd on a plan with some few patriot friends,
Whilst by just means I aim at noblest ends, 350
My spirits cannot sink: tho' from the tomb
Stern Jeffries should be plac'd in Mansfield's room;

Tho' he should bring, his base designs to aid,
 Some black attorney, for his purpose made,
 And shove, whilst Decency and Law retreat, 355
 The modest Norton * from his maiden seat;
 Tho' both in ill confed'rates should agree,
 In damned league to torture Law and me,
 Whilst George is king I cannot fear endure;
 Not to be guilty is to be secure. 360

But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
 That day!) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
 Sleeps with his fathers, should imperious Fate,
 In vengeance, with fresh Stewarts curse our state;
 Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of law, 365
 Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
 Should they, by brutal and oppressive force,
 Divert sweet Justice from her even course;
 Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
 Make my right hand a witness 'gainst my left; 370
 Should they, abroad by Inquisitions taught,
 Search out my soul, and damn me for a thought;
 Still would I keep my course, still speak, still write,
 Till death had plung'd me in the shades of night.

Thou God of Truth! thou great all-searching eye!
 To whom our thoughts, our spirits, open lie, 376
 Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour,
 (Should it e'er come) when Law submits to Pow'r,

* Norton was at that time Attorney General.

With firm resolve my steady bosom steel,
Bravely to suffer, tho' I deeply feel. 380

Let me, as hitherto, still draw my breath
In love with life, but not in fear of death,
And if Oppression brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, she ne'er shall mark a slave.

Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard, 385
No wild laments, not one unseemly word;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier;

I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear.

Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
Or in old age drops like an ear of corn, 390

Full ripe he falls, on Nature's noblest plan,

Who lives to reason, and who dies a man. 392

THE FAREWELL.

P. FAREWELL to Europe, and at once farewell
To all the follies which in Europe dwell;
To Eastern India now, a richer clime,
Richer, alas! in ev'ry thing but rhyme,
The Muses steer their course; and, fond of change, 5
At large in other worlds desire to range,
Resolv'd, at least, since they the fool must play,
To do it in a diff'rent place and way.

F. What whim is this, what error of the brain,
What madness worse than in the dog-star's reign? 10
Why into foreign countries would you roam?
Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?
If satire be thy object, and thy lays
As yet have shewn no talents fit for praise;
If satire be thy object, search all round, 15
Nor to thy purpose can one spot be found
Like England, where, to rampant vigour grown,
Vice chokes up ev'ry virtue; where, self-sown,
The seeds of folly shoot forth rank and bold,
And ev'ry seed brings forth an hundred-fold. 20

P. No more of this--tho' Truth, (the more our shame
The more our guilt) tho' Truth perhaps may claim,
And justify her part in this, yet here,
For the first time, ev'n Truth offends my ear.

Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn, 25
Take up the theme anew when day's new-born,
I hear, and hate—Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.

F. Thy country; and what then? Is that mere word
Against the voice of reason to be heard? 30
Are prejudices, deep imbib'd in youth,
To counteract and make thee hate the truth?
'Tis the sure symptom of a narrow soul
To draw its grand attachment from the whole,
And take up with a part; men not confin'd 35
Within such paltry limits, men design'd
Their nature to exalt where'er they go,
Wherever waves can roll and winds can blow,
Where'er the blessed sun, plac'd in the sky
To watch this subject world, can dart his eye, 40
Are still the same, and, prejudice out-grown,
Consider ev'ry country as their own;
At one grand view they take in Nature's plan,
Not more at home in England than Japan.

P. My good, grave Sir of Theory! whose wit, 45
Grasping at shadows, ne'er caught substance yet,
'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,
To laugh at Poverty in Plenty's reign,
To boast of apathy when out of pain, 50
And in each sentence, worthy of the schools,
Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules

Most fit for practice, but for one poor fault,
That into practice they can ne'er be brought.

At home, and sitting in your elbow-chair, 55
You praise Japan, tho' you was never there :
But was the ship this moment under sail,
Would not your mind be chang'd, your spirits fail?
Would you not cast one longing eye to shore,
And vow to deal in such wild schemes no more? 60
Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal
Those passions which we cannot chuse but feel,
There's a strange something, which without a brain
Fools feel, and which ev'n wise men can't explain,
Planted in man, to bind him to that earth, 65
In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.

If Honour calls, where'er she points the way
The sons of Honour follow and obey;
If need compels, wherever we are sent
'Tis want of courage not to be content; 70
But if we have the liberty of choice,
And all depends on our own single voice,
To deem of ev'ry country as the same
Is rank rebellion 'gainst the lawful claim
Of Nature, and such dull indifference 75
May be philosophy, but can't be sense.

F. Weak and unjust distinction, strange design!
Most peevish, most perverse, to undermine
Philosophy, and throw her empire down
By means of Sense, from whom she holds her crown.

Divine Philosophy! to thee we owe 81
All that is worth possessing here below;
Virtue and wisdom consecrate thy reign,
Doubled each joy, and pain no longer pain.

When, like a garden, where, for want of toil 85
And wholesome discipline, the rich rank soil
Teems with incumbrances, where all around
Herbs, noxious in their nature, make the ground,
Like the good mother of a thankless son,
Curse her own womb, by fruitfulness undone; 90
Like such a garden, when the human soul,
Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of control,
Brings forth those passions of luxuriant race,
Which spread and stifle ev'ry herb of grace,
Whilst Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of Scorn, 95
Seems with'ring on the bed where she was born,
Philosophy steps in with steady hand,
She brings her aid, she clears th'encumber'd land;
Too virt'ous to spare Vice one stroke, too wise
One moment to attend to Pity's cries, 100
See with what godlike, what relentless, pow'r
She roots up ev'ry weed!

P. And ev'ry flow'r.
Philosophy, a name of meek degree,
Embrac'd, in token of humility, 105
By the proud sage who, whilst he strove to hide
In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride;

Philosophy, whom Nature had design'd
To purge all errors from the human mind,
Herself misled by the philosopher,
At once her priest and master, made us err:
Pride, pride, like leaven in a mass of flour,
Tainted her laws, and made ev'n virtue sour.

Had she, content within her proper sphere,
Taught lessons suited to the human ear,
Which might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,
Made not for ornament but real use,
The heart of man unrivall'd she had sway'd,
Prais'd by the good, and by the bad obey'd;
But when she, overturning Reason's throne,
Strove proudly in its place to plant her own;
When she with apathy the breast would steel,
And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel;
When she would wildly all her force employ,
Not to correct our passions, but destroy;
When, not content our nature to restore,
As made by God, she made it all new o'er;
When, with a strange and criminal excess,
To make us more than men she made us less;
The good her dwindled pow'r with pity saw,
The bad with joy, and none but fools with awe.
Truth with a simple and unvarnish'd tale,
Ev'n from the mouth of N—— might prevail,
Could she get there; but Falsehood's sugar'd strain
Should pour her fatal blandishments in vain,

Nor make one convert, tho' the Siren hung,
Where she too often hangs, on M——'s tongue.
Should all the Sophs, whom in his course the fun
Hath seen, or past or present, rise in one;
Should he, whilst pleasure in each sentence flows,
Like Plato, give us poetry in prose; 141
Should he, full orator, at once impart
Th' Athenian's genius with the Roman's art;
Genius and art should in this instance fail,
Nor Rome, tho' join'd with Athens, here prevail.
'Tis not in man, 'tis not in more than man, 146
To make me find one fault in Nature's plan.
Plac'd low ourselves, we censure those above,
And, wanting judgment, think that she wants love,
Blame where we ought in reason to commend, 150
And think her most a foe when most a friend.
Such be philosophers---their specious art,
Tho' Friendship pleads, shall never warp my heart,
Ne'er make me from this breast one passion tear,
Which Nature, my best friend, hath planted there.

F. Forgiving as a friend, what, whilst I live, 156
As a philosopher I can't forgive,
In this one point at last I join with you,
To Nature pay all that is Nature's due;
But let not clouded Reason sink so low, 160
To fancy debts she does not, cannot, owe:
Bear, to full manhood grown, those shackles bear,
Which Nature meant us for a time to wear

As we wear leadingstrings, which, useleſs grown,
Are laid aſide when we can walk alone; 165
But on thyſelf, by peeviſh humour ſway'd,
Wilt thou lay burdens Nature never laid?
Wilt thou make faults, whiſt Judgment weakly errs,
And then defend, miſtaking them for her's?
Dar'ſt thou to ſay, in our enlighten'd age, 170
That this grand maſter paſſion, this brave rage
Which flames out for thy country, was impreſt
And fix'd by Nature in the human breaſt?

If you prefer the place where you was born,
And hold all others in contempt and ſcorn 175
On fair compariſon; if on that land
With lib'ral and a more than equal hand
Her gifts, as in profuſion, Plenty ſends;
If Virtue meets with more and better friends;
If Science finds a patron 'mongſt the great; 180
If Honesty is miniſter of ſtate;
If Pow'r, the guardian of our rights deſign'd,
Is to that great, that only end confin'd;
If riches are employ'd to bleſs the poor;
If law is ſacred, liberty ſecure; 185
Let but theſe facts depend on proofs of weight,
Reason declares thy love can't be too great,
And in this light could he our country view,
A very Hottentot muſt love it too.

But if, by Fate's decrees, you owe your birth 190
To ſome moſt barren and penurious earth,

Where, ev'ry comfort of this life deny'd,
Her real wants are scantily supply'd;
Where pow'r is reason, liberty a joke,
Laws never made, or made but to be broke; 195
To fix thy love on such a wretched spot,
Because in lust's wild fever there begot;
Because, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
By chance, not choice, thy mother dropt thee there,
Is folly which admits not of defence; 200
It can't be nature, for it is not sense.
By the same argument which here you hold,
(When Falsehood's insolent let Truth be bold)
If Propagation can in torments dwell,
A devil must, if born there, love his hell. 205

P. Had Fate, to whose decrees I lowly bend,
And ev'n in punishment confesses a friend,
Ordain'd my birth in some place yet untry'd,
On purpose made to mortify my pride,
Where the sun never gave one glimpse of day, 210
Where science never yet could dart one ray,
Had I been born on some bleak blasted plain
Of barren Scotland, in a Stewart's reign,
Or in some kingdom where men, weak, or worse,
Turn'd Nature's ev'ry blessing to a curse; 215
Where crowns of freedom, by the fathers won,
Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate son,
In spite of all the wisdom you display,
All you have said, and yet may have to say,

△

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My weakness here, if weakness, I confess, 220
I, as my country, had not lov'd her less.

Whether strict reason bears me out in this,
Let those who, always seeking, always miss
The ways of reason, doubt with precious zeal;
Theirs be the praise to argue, mine to feel. 225

Wish we to trace this passion to the root,
We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit;
From its rich stem ten thousand virtues spring,
Ten thousand blessings on its branches cling;
Yet in the circle of revolving years 230
Not one misfortune, not one vice, appears.

Hence, then, and what you Reason call adore;
This, if not reason, must be something more.

But (for I wish not others to confine,
Be their opinions unrestrain'd as mine) 235

Whether this love's of good or evil growth,
A vice, a virtue, or a spice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide;
If it is virt'ous, sooth an honest pride
With lib'ral praise; if vicious, be content, 240

It is a vice I never can repent;
A vice which, weigh'd in heav'n, shall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other scale.

F. This wild untemper'd zeal (which, after all,
We, candour unimpeach'd, might madness call) 245
Is it a virtue? that you scarce pretend;
Or can it be a vice, like Virtue's friend,

Which draws us off from and dissolves the force
Of private ties, nay, stops us in our course
To that grand object of the human soul, 250
That nobler love which comprehends the whole?
Coop'd in the limits of this petty isle,
This nook, which scarce deserves a frown or smile,
Weigh'd with Creation, you, by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is scarce worth one.
The gen'rous soul, by Nature taught to soar, 256
Her strength confirm'd in philosophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with ease,
And, seeing all mankind, loves all she sees.

P. Was it most sure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in Reason's creed, tho' found in your's, 261
That these two services, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
And draw together; that, however loath,
We neither serve, attempting to serve both, 265
I could not doubt a moment which to chuse,
And which in common reason to refuse.

Invented oft' for purposes of art,
Born of the head, tho' father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world must be confest 270
A barren speculation at the best.
Not one man in a thousand, should he live
Beyond the usual term of life, could give,
So rare occasion comes, and to so few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd or true. 275

The love we bear our country is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit ;
'Tis in the mind an everlasting spring
Of glorious actions which become a king,
Nor less become a subject ; 'tis a debt 280
Which bad men, tho' they pay not, can't forget ;
A duty which the good delight to pay,
And ev'ry man can practise ev'ry day.

Nor, for my life (so very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument) can I descry 285
What you with faith assert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my country can remove,
And make me of necessity forego,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe.
Those ties of private nature, small extent, 290
In which the mind of narrow cast is pent,
Are only steps on which the gen'rous soul
Mounts by degrees till she includes the whole.
'That spring of love which, in the human mind,
Founded on self, flows narrow and confin'd, 295
Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The social charities of blood and friends,
Till smaller streams included, not o'erpass,
It rises to our country's love at last,
And he, with lib'ral and enlarged mind, 300
Who loves his country cannot hate mankind.

F. Friend as you would appear to common sense,
Tell me, or think no more of a defence,

Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from your country? 305

P. Can the son,
(Shame, shame on all such sons!) with ruthless eye,
And heart more patient than the flint, stand by,
And by some ruffian, from all shame divorc'd,
All virtue, see his honour'd mother forc'd! 310
Then, no, by him that made me, not ev'n then,
Could I with patience, by the worst of men,
Behold my country plunder'd, beggar'd, lost
Beyond redemption, all her glories crost,
Ev'n when occasion made them ripe, her fame 315
Fled like a dream, while she awakes to shame.

F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a patron, to defend
Her sinking state, than basely to decline
So great a cause, and in despair resign? 320

P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And, whilst more able patriots doubt, she dies.
From a foul source, more deep than we suppose,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that peace our glorious hopes defeats; 325
'Tis not the voice of Faction in the streets;
'Tis not a gross attack on freedom made;
'Tis not the arm of Privilege display'd
Against the subject, whilst she wears no sting
To disappoint the purpose of a king; 330
These are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
With those which are contriv'd, tho' not declar'd.

Tell me, Philosopher! is it a crime
To pry into the secret womb of Time,
Or, born in ignorance, must we despair 335
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it so---still 'tis the right of man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
To former times and men his eye to cast,
And judge of what's to come by what is past. 340

Should there be found, in some not distant year,
(O how I wish to be no prophet here!)
Amongst our British Lords should there be found
Some great in pow'r, in principles unfound,
Who look on freedom with an evil eye, 345
In whom the springs of loyalty are dry;
Who wish to soar on wild Ambition's wings,
Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings;
Who would divide the people and the throne,
To set up sep'rate int'rests of their own; 350
Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,
And only join with to destroy them both;
Should there be found such men in after-times,
May Heav'n, in mercy to our grievous crimes,
Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them, 355
And to their rage, this wretched land condemn.

Thou God above! on whom all states depend,
Who knowest from the first their rise and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the Book of Fate,
When ruin must involve our equal state; 360

When law, alas! must be no more, and we,
To freedom born, must be no longer free;
Let not a mob of tyrants seize the helm,
Nor titled upstarts league to rob the realm;
Let not, whatever other ills assail, 365
A damned aristocracy prevail:
If, all too short, our course of freedom run,
'Tis thy good pleasure we should be undone,
Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be slaves to one, and be that one a king. 370

F. Poets, accusom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft' substitute creations of the brain
For real substance, and, themselves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
Such is your case---but grant, to sooth your pride, 375
'That you know more than all the world beside,
Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt?
Resolv'd, and like a man, at once speak out;
Shew us our danger, tell us where it lies,
And, to ensure our safety, make us wise. 380

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought fools stray;
The proud will rather lose than ask their way:
To men of sense what needs it to unfold,
And tell a tale which they must know untold?
In the bad int'rest warps the canker'd heart, 385
The good are hoodwink'd by the tricks of art;
And, whilst arch subtle hypocrites contrive
To keep the flames of discontent alive;

Whilst they, with arts to honest men unknown,
Breed doubts between the people and the throne, 390
Making us fear where reason never yet
Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
Themselves pass unsuspected in disguise,
And 'gainst our real danger seal our eyes. 394

F. Mark them, and let their names recorded stand
On Shame's black roll, and stink thro' all the land.

P. That might some courage but no prudence be;
No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.

F. Leave out their names.

P. For that kind caution thanks; 400
But may not judges sometimes fill up blanks?

F. Your country's laws in doubt then you reject.

P. The laws I love, the lawyers I suspect.
Amongst Twelve Judges may not one be found
(On bare, bare possibility I ground 405
This wholesome doubt) who may enlarge, retrench,
Create, and uncreate, and, from the bench,
With winks, smiles, nods, and such like paltry arts,
May work and worm into a jury's hearts?
Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of soul, 410
Cramp their high office, and their rights control;
Who may, tho' judge, turn advocate at large,
And deal replies out by the way of charge,
Making Interpretation all the way,
In spite of facts, his wicked will obey, 415

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And, leaving law without the least defence,
May damn his conscience to approve his sense?

F. Whilst, the true guardians of this charter'd land,
In full and perfect vigour, juries stand,
A judge in vain shall awe, cajole, perplex. 420

P. Suppose I should be try'd in Middlesex?

F. To pack a jury they will never dare.

P. There's no occasion to pack juries there.

F. 'Gainst prejudice all arguments are weak;
Reason herself without effect must speak. 425

Fly then thy country, like a coward fly,
Renounce her int'rest, and her laws defy.

But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?

Cannot our Europe thy vast wrath suffice?

Cannot thy misbegotten Muse lay bare 430

Her brawny arm, and play the butcher there?

P. Thy counsel taken what should Satire do?

Where could she find an object that is new?

Those travell'd youths whom tender mothers wean,

And send abroad to see and to be seen; 435

With whom, lest they should fornicate, or worse,

A tutor's sent by way of a dry nurse;

Each of whom just enough of spirit bears

To shew our follies, and to bring home theirs,

Have made all Europe's vices so well known, 440

They seem almost as nat'ral as our own.

F. Will India for thy purpose better do?

P. In one respect at least---there's something new.

F. A harmless people, in whom Nature speaks
Free and untainted, 'mongst whom Satire seeks, 445
But vainly seeks, so simply plain their hearts,
One bosom where to lodge her poison'd darts.

P. From knowledge speak you this, or, doubt on
Weigh'd and resolv'd, hath reason found it out? [doubt
Neither from knowledge, nor by reason taught, 450
You have faith ev'ry where but where you ought.
India or Europe---What's there in a name?
Propensity to vice in both the same,
Nature alike in both works for man's good,
Alike in both by man himself withstood. 455
Nabobs, as well as those who hunt them down,
Deserve a cord much better than a crown,
And a Mogul can thrones as much debase
As any polish'd prince of Christian race.

F. Could you, a task more hard than you suppose,
Could you, in ridicule whilst Satire glows, 461
Make all their follies to the life appear,
'Tis ten to one you gain no credit here:
Howe'er well-drawn, the picture, after all,
Because we know not the original, 465
Would not find favour in the public eye.

P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try;
And if your observations sterling hold,
If the piece should be heavy, tame, and cold,
To make it to the side of Nature lean, 470
And, meaning nothing, something seem to mean;

O ij

To make the whole in lively colours glow,
 To bring before us something that we know,
 And from all honest men applause to win,
 I'll group the company, and put them in. 475

F. Be that ungen'rous thought by shame suppress'd,
 Add not distress to those too much distress'd.

Have they not, by blind Zeal misled, laid bare
 Those sores which never might endure the air?

Have they not brought their mysteries so low, 480

That what the wise suspected not fools know?

From their first rise ev'n to the present hour

Have they not prov'd their own abuse of pow'r,

Made it impossible, if fairly view'd,

Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd, 485

Whilst uneduc'd by ministers, the throne

Regards our interest, and knows its own?

P. Should ev'ry other subject chance to fail,

Those who have fail'd, and those who wish'd to fail

In the last fleet, afford an ample field, 490

Which must beyond my hopes a harvest yield.

F. On such vile food Satire can never thrive.

P. She cannot starve if there was only Clive*. 493

* It should seem as if Satire had an inclination to make a substantial meal or two upon this rich Eastern dish, and succeeded; for we hear no more of Clive.

THE CANDIDATE.

ENOUGH of Actors---let them play the play'r,
And, free from censure, fret, sweat, strut, and stare.
Garrick abroad, what motives can engage
To waste one couplet on a barren stage?
Ungrateful Garrick! when these tasty days, 5
In justice to themselves, allow'd thee praise;
When, at thy bidding, Sense, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or dissolv'd in tears;
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The Town had giv'n some little share of wealth, 10
Couldst thou repine at being still a slave?
Dar'st thou presume t' enjoy that wealth she gave?
Couldst thou repine at laws ordain'd by those
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes?
Whom, too refin'd for honesty and trade, 15
By need made tradesmen, pride had bankrupts made;
Whom fear made drunkards, and, by modern rules,
Whom drink made wits, tho' Nature made them fools;
With such, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In such a manner, and at such a time, 20
To quit the stage; but men of real sense,
Who neither lightly give nor take offence,
Shall own thee clear, or pass an act of grace,
Since thou hast left a Powell in thy place.

Enough of Authors---Why, when scribblers fail, 25
Must other scribblers spread the hateful tale?
Why must they pity, why contempt express,
And why insult a brother in distress?
Let those who boast th' uncommon gift of brains
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains; 30
Fresh on their brows for ages let it bloom,
And, ages past, still flourish round their tomb.
Let those who without genius write, and write,
Versemen or profemen, all in Nature's spite,
The pen laid down, their course of folly run 35
In peace; unread, unmention'd, be undone.
Why should I tell, to cross the will of Fate,
That Francis once endeavour'd to translate?
Why, sweet oblivion winding round his head,
Should I recall poor Murphy from the dead? 40
Why may not Langhorne, simple in his lay,
Effusion on Effusion pour away,
With Friendship and with Fancy trifle here,
Or sleep in Pastoral at Belvidere?
Sleep let them all, with Dulness on her throne, 45
Secure from any malice but their own.

Enough of Critics---let them, if they please,
Fond of new pomp, each month pass new decrees;
Wide and extensive be their infant state,
Their subjects many, and those subjects great, 50
Whilst all their mandates as found law succeed,
With fools who write, and greater fools who read.

What tho' they lay the realms of Genius waste,
Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taste;
Tho' they, like doctors, to approve their skill, 55
Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Tho' by whim, envy, or resentment, led,
They damn those authors whom they never read;
Tho', other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out so much praise for so much gold; 60
Tho' Scot with Scot, in damned close intrigues,
Against the commonwealth of letters leagues?
Uncensur'd let them pilot at the helm,
And rule in letters as they rul'd the realm:
Ours be the curse, the mean tame coward's curse, 65
(Nor could ingenious Malice make a worse,
To do our sense and honour deep despite)
To credit what they say, read what they write.

Enough of Scotland---let her rest in peace;
The cause remov'd, effects of course should cease. 70
Why should I tell how Tweed, too mighty grown,
And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,
Burst o'er his banks, and, by Destruction led,
O'er our faint England desolation spread,
Whilst, riding on his waves, Ambition plum'd 75
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute assum'd,
Now that the river god, convinc'd, tho' late,
And yielding, tho' reluctantly, to Fate,
Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides? 80

Enough of States, and such like trifling things;
 Enough of kinglings, and enough of kings;
 Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd statesmen lie,
 Spread the court web, and catch the patriot fly;
 Henceforth, unwhipt of Justice, uncontroll'd 85
 By fear or shame, let Vice, secure and bold,
 Lord it with all her sons, whilst Virtue's groan
 Meets with compassion only from the throne.

Enough of Patriots---all I ask of man
 Is only to be honest as he can : 90
 Some have deceiv'd, and some may still deceive;
 'Tis the fool's curse at random to believe.
 Would those who, by opinion plac'd on high,
 Stand fair and perfect in their country's eye,
 Maintain that honour, let me in their ear 95
 Hint this essential doctrine-----Persevere.
 Should they, (which Heav'n forbid!) to win the grace
 Of some proud courtier, or to gain a place,
 Their king and country sell, with endless shame
 Th' avenging Muse shall mark each trait'rous name;
 But if, to honour true, they scorn to bend, 101
 And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,
 Their grateful country shall their fame record,
 And I myself descend to praise a lord.

Enough of Wilkes---with good and honest men 105
 His actions speak much stronger than my pen,
 And future ages shall his name adore,
 When he can act and I can write no more.

England may prove ungrateful and unjust,
But fost'ring France shall ne'er betray her trust: 110
'Tis a brave debt which gods on men impose,
To pay with praise the merit ev'n of foes.
When the great warrior of Amilcar's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her base,
To prove her virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride, 115
Rome gave that fame which Carthage had deny'd.
Enough of Self---that darling luscious theme,
O'er which philosophers in raptures dream;
Of which with seeming disregard they write,
Then prizing most when most they seem to flight;
Vain proof of folly tinctur'd strong with pride! 121
What man can from himself himself divide?
For me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim
(Conscience first satisfy'd) is love of fame;
Some little fame deriv'd from some brave few, 125
Who prizing Honour, prize her vot'ries too.
Let all (nor shall repentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know freely speak,
So those (the greatest curse I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know. 130
Let none of those whom, blest'd with parts above
My feeble genius, still I dare to love,
Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,
And call it mine; for mine, tho' never known, 135
Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.

Know all the world, no greedy heir shall find,
Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
Let none of those whom I despise tho' great,
Pretending friendship to give malice weight, 140
Publish my life ; let no false, sneaking peer,
(Some such there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to shame with some vile anecdote,
Nor foul-gall'd bishop damn me with a note.
Let one poor sprig of bay around my head 145
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead ;
Let it (may Heav'n, indulgent, grant that pray'r !)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there ;
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams thro' the churchyard whilst his dinner's drest,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes, 151
Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies ;
Whilst (O ! what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives !)
Reading my Works, he cries---Here Churchill lives.

Enough of Satire---in less harden'd times 155
Great was her force, and mighty were her rhymes.
I've read of men beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave ;
Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line than from a world in arms : 160
When in her faithful and immortal page
They saw transmitted down from age to age
Recorded villains, and each spotted name
Branded with marks of everlasting shame,

Succeeding villains sought her as a friend, 165
And if not really mended feign'd to mend:
But in an age when actions are allow'd
Which strike all honour dead, and crimes avow'd
Too terrible to suffer the report,
Avow'd and prais'd by men who stain a court, 170
Propp'd by the arm of Pow'r; when Vice, high-born,
High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn;
When she is lost to ev'ry thought of fame,
And, to all virtue dead, is dead to shame;
When Prudence a much easier task must hold 175
To make a new world than reform the old;
Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,
And if she cannot cure she will not wound.

Come, Panegyric!---tho' the Muse disdains,
Founded on truth, to prostitute her strains 180
At the base instance of those men who hold
No argument but pow'r, no god but gold,
Yet, mindful that from heav'n she drew her birth,
She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth;
Virt'ous herself, brings Virtue forth to view, 185
And loves to praise where praise is justly due.

Come, Panegyric!---in a former hour,
My soul with pleasure yielding to thy pow'r,
Thy shrine I sought, I pray'd---but wanton air,
Before it reach'd thy ears, dispers'd my pray'r; 190
Ev'n at thy altars whilst I took my stand,
The pen of truth and honour in my hand,

Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my design,
Whilst, Hayter brought too quickly to his end, 195
I lost a subject, and mankind a friend.

Come, Panegyric!--bending at thy throne,
Thee and thy pow'r my soul is proud to own;
Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,
And lead me safe thro' passes yet untry'd, 200
Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the house of Satire leads mankind;
Narrow, and unfrequented, are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praise.

What tho' no theme I chuse of vulgar note, 205
Nor wish to write as brother bards have wrote,
So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem
Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream?
What tho' a theme I chuse which might demand
The nicest touches of a master's hand? 210
Yet if the inward workings of my soul
Deceive me not, I shall attain the goal,
And Envy shall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The poet praising, and the patron prais'd.

What patron shall I chuse? shall public voice, 215
Or private knowledge, influence my choice?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,
Or, seeking patriots, to Friend Wildman's go?

"To Wildman's!" cry'd Discretion, (who had heard,
Close standing at my elbow, ev'ry word) 220

"To Wildman's! art thou mad? canst thou be sure
 One moment there to have thy head secure?
 Are they not all (let observation tell)
 All mark'd in characters as black as hell,
 In Doomſday book, by miniſters ſet down, 225
 Who ſtyle their pride the honour of the crown?
 Make no reply---let reaſon ſtand aloof---
 Preſumptions here muſt paſs as ſolemn proof.
 That ſettled faith, that love which ever ſprings
 In the beſt ſubjects for the beſt of kings, 230
 Muſt not be meaſur'd now by what men think,
 Or ſay, or do---by what they eat and drink;
 Where and with whom, that queſtion's to be try'd,
 And ſtateſmen are the judges to decide;
 No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe; 235
 They, facts confeſs'd, in themſelves veſt the law.
 Each diſh at Wildman's of ſedition ſmacks;
 Blaſphemy may be goſpel at Almack's."

Peace, good Diſcretion! peace---thy fears are vain;
 Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train; 240
 Never the vengeance of the great incur,
 Nor, without might, againſt the mighty ſtir.
 If, from long proof, my temper you diſtruſt,
 Weigh my profeſſion, to my gown be juſt;
 Doſt thou one parſon know ſo void of grace 245
 To pay his court to patrons out of place?

If ſtill you doubt, (tho' ſcarce a doubt remains)
 Search thro' my alter'd heart, and try my reins;

There, searching, find, nor deem me now in sport,
A convert made by Sandwich to the court. 250

Let madmen follow error to the end,
I, of mistakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor blush to own that change which reason wrought:
For such a change as this must Justice speak; 255
My heart was honest, but my head was weak.

Bigot to no one man or set of men,
Without one selfish view I drew my pen;
My country ask'd, or seem'd to ask, my aid,
Obedient to that call I left off trade; 260
A side I chose, and on that side was strong,
'Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong:
Convinc'd, I change, (can any man do more?
And have not greater patriots chang'd before?)
Chang'd, I at once (can any man do less?) 265
Without a single blush that change confess;
Confess it with a manly kind of pride,
And quit the losing for the winning side,
Granting, whilst virt'ous Sandwich holds the rein,
What Buté for ages might have fought in vain. 270

Hail, Sandwich!----nor shall Wilkes resentment
Hearing the praises of so brave a foe--- [show,
Hail, Sandwich!----nor, thro' pride, shalt thou refuse
The grateful tribute of so mean a Muse--- 274
Sandwich! all hail---when Buté with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, scourg'd the land;

When Scots, or slaves to Scotsmen, steer'd the helm;
When peace, inglorious peace! disgrac'd the realm,
Distrust and gen'ral discontent prevail'd;
But when, (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd; 280
When, with a sudden panic struck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head;
When, like a Mars, (fear order'd to retreat)
We saw thee nimbly vault into his seat,
Into the seat of pow'r, at one bold leap, 285
A perfect connoisseur in statesmanship;
When, like another Machiavel, we saw
Thy fingers twisting and untwisting law,
Straining where godlike Reason bade, and where
She warranted thy mercy pleas'd to spare; 290
Saw thee resolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
To do thy God, thy king, thy country, right;
All things were chang'd, suspense remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before:
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use, 295
What virtues such as thine must needs produce.

Thy foes (for honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praise, too fearful to oppose,
In sullen silence sit; thy friends (some few,
Who, friends to thee, are friends to honour too) 300
Plaud thy brave bearing, and the Commonweal
Expects her safety from thy stubborn zeal.
A place amongst the rest the Muses claim,
And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame;

To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known, 305
And, holding up thy fame, secure their own.

From his youth upwards to the present day,
When vices, more than years, have mark'd him gray;
When riotous Excess, with wasteful hand,
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth, 311
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice;
Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame. 316

Where (reason left without the least defence)
Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense;
Where Impudence made Decency submit;
Where noise was humour, and where whim was wit;
Where rude untemper'd license had the merit 321
Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit;
Where the best things were ever held the worst,
Lothario was, with justice, always first.

To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw, 325
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's oracle; 330
Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out encore;

Whilst gray Authority, who slumbers there
 In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
 With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted moon, 335
 To walk with torches thro' the streets at noon;
 To force plain Nature from her usual way,
 Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
 To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,
 To make one leg run races with his brother; 340
 'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
 But to ride first, and he to ride behind;
 To coin newfangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
 Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em;
 Lothario, on that stock which Nature gives, 345
 Without a rival stands, tho' March yet lives.

When Folly, (at that name, in duty bound,
 Let subject myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,
 Whilst they who in the presence upright stand
 Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land) 350
 Queen ev'ry where, but most a queen in courts,
 Sent forth her heralds and proclaim'd her sports;
 Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
 And prove her right to reign from age to age,
 Lothario, great above the common size, 355
 With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
 Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
 And ev'ry day deserves it more and more.

Nor in such limits rests his soul confin'd;
 Folly may share but can't engross his mind; 360

Vice, bold, substantial Vice, puts in her claim,
And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
Observe his follies well, and you would swear
Folly had been his first, his only care;
Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown, 365
And swear that he was born for vice alone.

Is the soft nature of some hapless maid,
Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd?
Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame, 369
And he who wrought her guilt declare her shame?
Is some brave friend who, men but little known,
Deems ev'ry heart as honest as his own,
And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
To be ensnar'd and ruin'd with a smile?
Is Law to be perverted from her course? 375
Is abject Fraud to league with brutal Force?
Is Freedom to be crush'd, and ev'ry son
Who dares maintain her cause to be undone?
Is base Corruption, creeping thro' the land,
To plan and work her ruin underhand, 380
With regular approaches, sure, tho' slow?
Or must she perish by a single blow?
Are kings (who trust to servants, and depend
In servants (fond, vain thought!) to find a friend)
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath 385
In darkness thicker than the shades of death?
Is God's most holy name to be profan'd,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,

His servants scorn'd as men who idly dream'd,
 His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphem'd? 390
 Are debauchees in morals to preside?
 Is Faith to take an Atheist for her guide?
 Is Science by a blockhead to be led?
 Are states to totter on a drunkard's head?
 To answer all these purposes and more, 395
 More black than ever villain plann'd before,
 Search earth, search hell, the devil cannot find
 An agent like Lothario to his mind.

Is this nobility which, sprung from kings,
 Was meant to swell the pow'r from whence it springs;
 Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit, 401
 Which Nature hop'd for from so rich a root?
 Were there but two, (search all the world around)
 Were there but two such nobles to be found,
 The very name would sink into a term 405
 Of scorn, and man would rather be a worm
 Than be a lord: but Nature, full of grace,
 Nor meaning birth and titles to be base,
 Made only one, and, having made him, swore,
 In mercy to mankind, to make no more: 410
 Nor stopp'd she there, but, like a gen'rous friend,
 The ills which error caus'd she strove to mend,
 And having brought Lothario forth to view,
 To save her credit brought forth Sandwich too.

Gods! with what joy, what honest joy of heart, 415
 Blunt as I am, and void of ev'ry art,

Of ev'ry art which great ones in the state
Practise on knaves they fear and fools they hate,
To titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Nor prone to think that virtues can descend, 420
Do I behold (a sight, alas! more rare
Than Honesty could wish) the noble wear
His father's honours, when his life makes known
They're his by virtue, not by birth alone;
When he recalls his father from the grave, 425
And pays with int'rest back that fame he gave:
Cur'd of her splenetic and fullen fits,
To such a peer my willing soul submits,
And to such virtue is more proud to yield
Than 'gainst ten titled rogues to keep the field. 430
Such, (for that truth ev'n Envy shall allow)
Such Wyndham was, and such is Sandwich now.
O gentle Montague! in blessed hour
Didst thou start up, and climb the stairs of pow'r;
England of all her fears at once was eas'd, 435
Nor, 'mongst her many foes, was one displeas'd:
France heard the news, and told it Cousin Spain;
Spain heard, and told it Cousin France again;
The Hollander relinquish'd his design
Of adding spice to spice, and mine to mine; 440
Of Indian villanies he thought no more,
Content to rob us on our native shore:
Aw'd by thy fame, (which winds with open mouth
Shall blow from east to west, from north to south)

The western world shall yield us her increase, 445
And her wild sons be soften'd into peace ;
Rich eastern monarchs shall exhaust their stores,
And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's shores ;
Unbounded wealth, which from those golden scenes,
And all acquir'd by honourable means, 450
Some honourable chief shall hither steer,
To pay our debts, and set the nation clear.

Nabobs themselves, allur'd by thy renown,
Shall pay due homage to the English crown ;
Shall freely as their king our king receive--- 455
Provided the Directors give them leave.

Union at home shall mark each rising year,
Nor taxes be complain'd of tho' severe ;
Envy her own destroyer shall become,
And Faction with her thousand mouths be dumb : 460
With the meek man thy meekness shall prevail,
Nor with the spirited thy spirit fail :
Some to thy force of reason shall submit,
And some be converts to thy princely wit :
Rev'rence for thee shall still a nation's cries, 465
A grand concurrence crown a grand excise ;
And unbelievers of the first degree,
Who have no faith in God, have faith in thee.

When a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,
Possess'd the region of each heated brain ; 470
When some were fools to censure, some to praise,
And all were mad, but mad in diff'rent ways ;

When commonwealthsmen, starting at the shade
Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
Of tyrants dream'd who wore a thorny crown, 475
And with state bloodhounds hunted Freedom down;
When others, struck with fancies not less vain,
Saw mighty kings by their own subjects slain,
And in each friend of liberty and law,
With horror big, a future Cromwell saw; 480
Thy manly zeal stept forth, bade discord cease,
And fung each jarring atom into peace:
Liberty, cheer'd by thy all-cheering eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die;
And, patroniz'd by thee, Prerogative 485
Shall, striding forth at large, not die, but live;
Whilst Privilege, hung betwixt earth and sky,
Shall not well know whether to live or die.

When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And seem'd to totter, Commerce shiv'ring stood; 490
When Credit, building on a sandy shore,
Saw the sea swell, and heard the tempest roar,
Heard death in ev'ry blast, and in each wave
Or saw, or fancy'd that she saw, her grave;
When Property, transferr'd from hand to hand, 495
Weaken'd by change, crawl'd sickly thro' the land;
When mutual confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on man depend;
Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state; 500

When, certain death to honour and to trade,
A sponge was talk'd of as our only aid;
That to be fav'd we must be more undone,
And pay off all our debts by paying none;
Like England's better genius, born to blefs, 505
And snatch his sinking country from distrefs,
Didst thou step forth, and, without fail or oar,
Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore:
Nor shalt thou quit, till, anchor'd firm and fast,
She rides secure, and mocks the threat'ning blast! 510
Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
Economy her needful aid shall join 515
To forward and complete thy grand design,
And, warm to save, but yet with spirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
Spendthrifts at home abroad are spendthrifts still. 520
In vain have fly and subtle sophists try'd
Private from public justice to divide;
For credit on each other they rely,
'They live together, and together die.
'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence, 525
High treason in the eye of common sense,
To think a statesman ever can be known
To pay our debts who will not pay his own:

But now, tho' late, now may we hope to see
Our debts discharg'd, our credit fair and free, 530
Since rigid Honesty (fair fall that hour!)
Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in pow'r.
With what delight I view thee, wondrous man!
With what delight survey thy sterling plan,
That plan which all with wonder must behold, 535
And stamp thy age the only Age of Gold.

Nor rest thy triumphs here---that Discord fled,
And fought, with grief, the hell where she was bred;
That Faction, 'gainst her nature forc'd to yield,
Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field, 540
Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
Her fools turn'd speakers, and her wits struck dumb;
That our most bitter foes (so much depends
On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
That our offended friends (such terror flows 545
From men of name) dare not appear our foes;
That Credit, gasping in the jaws of Death,
And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,
Grows stronger from disease; that thou hast sav'd
Thy drooping country; that thy name, engrav'd 550
On plates of brass, defies the rage of time;
Than plates of brass more firm, that sacred rhyme
Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
And gives thee what the Muse alone can give;
These heights of virtue, these rewards of fame, 555
With thee in common other patriots claim.

But that poor sickly Science, who had laid
And droop'd for years beneath Neglect's cold shade,
By those who knew her purposely forgot,
And made the jest of those who knew her not, 560
Whilst Ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd Pride,
Clad like a priest, pass'd by on t' other side,
Recover'd from her wretched state, at length
Puts on new health, and clothes herself with strength,
To thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand 565
Which rais'd, and gave her to possess the land:
This praise, tho' in a court, and near a throne,
This praise is thine, and thine, alas! alone.

With what fond rapture did the goddess smile,
What blessings did she promise to this isle, 570
What honour to herself, and length of reign,
Soon as she heard that thou didst not disdain
To be her steward! but what grief, what shame,
What rage, what disappointment, shook her frame,
When her proud children dar'd her will dispute, 575
When youth was insolent, and age was mute!

That young men should be fools, and some wild few
To wisdom deaf, be deaf to int'rest too,
Mov'd not her wonder; but that men, grown gray
In search of wisdom; men who own'd the sway 580
Of reason; men who stubbornly kept down
Each rising passion; men who wore the gown;
That they should cross her will, that they should dare
Against the cause of Int'rest to declare;

That they should be so abject and unwise, 585
 Having no fear of loss before their eyes,
 Nor hopes of gain; scorning the ready means
 Of being vicars, rectors, canons, deans,
 With all those honours which on mitres wait,
 And mark the virt'ous favourites of state; 590
 That they should dare a Hardwick to support,
 And talk, within the hearing of a court,
 Of that vile beggar Conscience, who, undone,
 And starv'd herself, starves ev'ry wretched son;
 'This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her swear 595
 No more to throw away her time and care
 On wayward sons who scorn'd her love, no more
 To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful shore.
 Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace
 Her royalty of nature, birth, and place, 600
 Tho' Dulness there unrivall'd state doth keep,
 Would she at Winchester with Burton * sleep;
 Or, to exchange the mortifying scene
 For something still more dull, and still more mean,
 Rather than bear such insults, she would fly 605
 Far, far beyond the reach of English eye,
 And reign amongst the Scots: to be a queen
 Is worth ambition, tho' in Aberdeen.

* Dr. Burton was the Master of Winchester College. Wilkes
 had a dispute with one even of Lord B-----'s sons, who was
 at school there. See The North Briton, No. 21.

O! stay thy flight, fair Science! what tho' some,
 Some base-born children, rebels are become? 610
 All are not rebels; some are duteous still,
 Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
 Thy int'rest is oppos'd by those alone
 Who either know not or oppose their own.

Of stubborn virtue, marching to thy aid, 615
 Behold in black, the liv'ry of their trade,
 Marshall'd by Form, and by Discretion led,
 A grave, grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
 Black Smith of Trinity; on Christian ground
 For faith in mysteries none more renown'd. 620

Next, (for the best of causes now and then
 Must beg assistance from the worst of men)
 Next (if old Story lies not) sprung from Greece,
 Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece:
 Her, wretched maid! committed to his trust, 625
 To a rank lecher's coarse and bloated lust
 The arch, old, hoary hypocrite had sold,
 And thought himself and her well damn'd for gold;
 But (to wipe off such traces from the mind,
 And make us in good humour with mankind) 630
 Leading on men who, in a college bred,
 No woman knew but those which made their bed;
 Who, planted virgins on Cam's virt'ous shore,
 Continu'd still male virgins at threescore,
 Comes Sumpner, wife, and chaste as chaste can be,
 With Long, as wife, and not less chaste than he. 636

Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cause,
 Who, for thy sake, defying penal laws,
 Were, to support thy honourable plan,
 Smuggled from Jersey and the Isle of Man? 640
 Are there not Philomaths of high degree
 Who, always dumb before, shall speak for thee?
 Are there not Proctors, faithful to thy will,
 One of full growth, others in embryo still,
 Who may, perhaps, in some ten years, or more, 645
 Be ascertain'd that two and two make four,
 Or may a still more happy method find,
 And, taking one from two, leave none behind?

With such a mighty pow'r on foot to yield
 Were death to manhood; better in the field 650
 To leave our carcasses, and die with fame,
 Than fly, and purchase life on terms of shame.
 Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
 And ere they dare the battle sound retreat.

But if persuasions ineffectual prove, 655
 If arguments are vain, nor pray'rs can move,
 Yet in thy bitterness of frantic woe
 Why talk of Burton? why to Scotland go?
 Is there not Oxford? she, with open arms,
 Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms; 660
 Shall for thy love her former loves resign,
 And jilt the banish'd Stewarts to be thine.

Bow'd to the yoke, and, soon as she could read,
 Tutor'd to get, by heart, the despot's creed,

She, of subjection proud, shall knee thy throne, 665
And have no principles but thine alone;
She shall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, nor speak, nor think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial sway
If subjects none but just commands obey? 670
Then, and then only, is obedience seen,
When by command they dare do all that's mean:
Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy stand,
Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand.

Gods! with what joy, (for fancy now supplies, 675
And lays the future open to my eyes)

Gods! with what joy I see the worthies meet,
And Brother Litchfield Brother Sandwich greet!
Bless'd be your greetings, bless'd each dear embrace,
Bless'd to yourselves, and to the human race! 680

Sick'ning at virtues which she cannot reach,
Which seem her baser nature to impeach,
Let Envy, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
Outrageous, search the corners of the world,
Ransack the present times, look back to past, 685
Rip up the future, and confess at last,

No times, past, present, or to come, could e'er
Produce and bless the world with such a pair!

Phillips, the good old Phillips! out of breath,
Escap'd from Monmouth, and escap'd from death,
Shall hail his Sandwich with that virt'ous zeal, 690
That glorious ardour for the commonweal,

Which warm'd his loyal heart and blest'd his tongue,
 When on his lips the cause of rebels hung.
 Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a nun, 693
 At Med'nham * lies, by backward monks undone;
 A nation's reck'ning, like an alehouse score,
 Whilst Paul, the aged, chalks behind a door,
 Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up,
 D——d shall pour, from a communion cup, 700
 Libations to the goddess without eyes,
 And hob or nob in cyder and excise.

From those deep shades where Vanity, unknown,
 Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone,
 Curs'd in herself, by her own thoughts undone, 705
 Where she sees all, but can be seen by none;
 Where she, no longer mistress of the schools,
 Hears praise loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
 Or hears it at a distance, in despair
 To join the crowd, and put in for a share, 710
 Twisting each thought a thousand diff'rent ways,
 For his new friends new-modelling old praise;

* Medenham Abbey was a large house near Marlow in Bucks. It was formerly a convent of Cistercian monks. Sir F-----s D-----d, Sir T-----s S-----n, P---l W-----d, W-----s, and others, to the number of twelve, rented the Abbey. Something may be conjectured of the life they led from these lines. If Churchill built them upon the relation of his friend W-----s, the latter could only have learned the tale from report, for his morality of course quitted the Franciscans (so called from Sir, not St. Francis) before they deserved this lash from the satirist. Something more of the Holy Brotherhood may be seen in *Chrysal*, vol. iii. p. 170.

Where frugal sense so very fine is spun,
 It serves twelve hours, tho' not enough for one,
 King shall arise, and, bursting from the dead,
 Shall hurl his pickbald Latin at thy head.

Burton (whilst awkward affectations hung
 In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
 Who 'gainst their will makes junior blockheads speak,
 Ign'rant of both, new Latin and new Greek,
 Not such as was in Greece and Latium known,
 But of a modern cut, and all his own; [string,
 Who threads, like beads, loose thoughts on such a
 Their praise and censure; nothing, ev'ry thing;
 Pantomime thoughts, and style so full of trick,
 They even make a Merry Andrew sick;
 Thoughts all so dull, so pliant in their growth,
 They're verse, they're prose, they're neither, and
 they're both)
 Shall (tho' by Nature ever loath to praise)
 Thy curious worth set forth in curious phrase;
 Obscurely stiff, shall press poor Sense to death,
 Or in long periods run her out of breath;
 Shall make a babe for which, with all his fame,
 Adam could not have found a proper name,
 Whilst, beating out his features to a smile,
 He hugs the bastard brat, and calls it Style.

Hush'd be all nature as the land of Death;
 Let each stream sleep, and each wind hold his breath;

Be the bells muffled, nor one sound of care,
 Pressing for audience, wake the slumb'ring air; 740
 Browne comes---behold how cautiously he creeps---
 How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps---
 But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree;
 He cannot wake, but he shall dream of thee.

Phyfic, her head with opiate poppies crown'd, 745
 Her loins by the chaste matron Camphire bound;
 Phyfic, obtaining succour from the pen
 Of her soft son, her gentle Heberden!
 If there are men who can thy virtue know,
 Yet spite of virtue treat thee as a foe, 750
 Shall, like a scholar, stop their rebel breath,
 And in each recipe send classic death.

So deep in knowledge, that few lines can sound
 And plumb the bottom of that vast profound,
 Few grave ones with such gravity can think, 755
 Or follow half so fast as he can sink;
 With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,
 Obscure with meaning, and in words perplex,
 With subtleties on subtleties refin'd,
 Meant to divide and subdivide the mind, 760
 Keeping the forwardness of youth in awe,
 The scowling Blackstone bears the train of law.

Divinity, enrob'd in college fur,
 In her right hand A New Court Kalendar,
 Bound like a Book of Pray'r, thy coming waits 765
 With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.

Loyalty, fix'd on Isis' alter'd shore,
A stranger long, but stranger now no more,
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies; 770
Shall, with much pleasure and more wonder, view
Men great at court, and great at Oxford too.

O sacred Loyalty! accurs'd be those
Who, seeming friends, turn out thy deadliest foes,
Who prostitute to kings thy honour'd name, 775
And sooth their passions to betray their fame;
Nor prais'd be those to whose proud nature elings
Contempt of government and hate of kings,
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A strange intemperance of zeal avow, 780
And start at Loyalty, as at a word
Which without danger Freedom never heard.

Vain errors of vain men---wild both extremes,
And to the state not wholesome, like the dreams
Children of night, of indigestion bred, 785
Which, reason clouded, seize and turn the head;
Loyalty without Freedom is a chain
Which men of lib'ral notice can't sustain,
And Freedom without Loyalty a name
Which nothing means, or means licentious shame. 790

Thine be the art, my Sandwich! thine the toil,
In Oxford's stubborn and untoward soil
To rear this plant of union, till at length,
Rooted by time, and foster'd into strength,

Shooting aloft, all danger it defies, 793
 And proudly lifts its branches to the skies;
 Whilst, Wisdom's happy son, but not her slave,
 Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
 Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
 Beneath that shade which thy own labours wrought,
 And fashion'd into strength, shalt thou repose, 801
 Secure of lib'ral praise, since Isis flows
 True to her Thame, as duty hath decreed,
 Nor longer, like a harlot, lust for Tweed,
 And those old wreaths, which Oxford once dar'd twine
 To grace a Stewart brow, she plants on thine. 806

THE JOURNEY.

SOME of my friends, (for friends I must suppose
All who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good will, and, not more full of spite
Than full of craft, under false colours fight)
Some of my friends, (so lavishly I print)
As more in sorrow than in anger, hint
(Tho' that indeed will scarce admit a doubt)
That I shall run my stock of genius out,
My no great stock, and, publishing so fast,
Must needs become a bankrupt at the last.

“ The husbandman, to spare a thankful soil,
“ Which, rich in disposition, pays his toil
“ More than an hundred-fold, which swells his store
“ Ev'n to his wish, and makes his barns run o'er,
“ By long experience taught, who teaches best,
“ Foregoes his hopes a while, and gives it rest:
“ The land, allow'd its losses to repair,
“ Refresh'd, and full in strength, delights to wear
“ A second youth, and to the farmer's eyes
“ Bids richer crops and double harvests rise.
“ Nor think this practice to the earth confin'd,
“ It reaches to the culture of the mind.
“ The mind of man craves rest, and cannot bear,
“ Tho' next in pow'r to God's, continual care.
“ Genius himself (nor here let Genius frown)
“ Must, to ensure his vigour, be laid down,

"And fallow'd well: had Churchill known but this,
 "Which the most flight observer scarce could miss,
 "He might have flourish'd twenty years or more,
 "Tho' now, alas! poor man! worn out in four." 30

Recover'd from the vanity of youth,
 I feel, alas! this melancholy truth,
 Thanks to each cordial, each advising friend,
 And am, if not too late, resolv'd to mend,
 Resolv'd to give some respite to my pen, 35
 Apply myself once more to books and men,
 View what is present, what is past review,
 And, my old stock exhausted, lay in new.
 For twice six moons, (let winds, turn'd porters, bear
 This oath to heav'n) for twice six moons, I swear, 40
 No Muse shall tempt me with her Siren lay,
 Nor draw me from improvement's thorny way,
 Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that friend
 Who in my hearing shall a rhyme commend.

It cannot be——whether I will or no, 45
 Such as they are, my thoughts in measure flow.
 Convinc'd, determin'd, I in prose begin,
 But ere I write one sentence verse creeps in,
 And taints me thro' and thro'! by this good light
 In verse I talk by day, I dream by night! 50
 If now and then I curse, my curses chime,
 Nor can I pray unless I pray in rhyme.
 Ev'n now I err, in spite of common sense,
 And my confession doubles my offence.

Rest then, my Friends!—spare, spare your precious
 breath, 55
 And be your slumbers not less sound than death;
 Perturbed spirits rest, nor thus appear
 To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ear;
 On your grave lessons I cannot subsist,
 Nor ev'n in verse become economist. 60
 Rest then, my Friends! nor, hateful to my eyes,
 Let Envy in the shape of Pity rise
 To blast me ere my time; with patience wait,
 ('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
 Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry son of phlegm 65
 Find ample room to censure and condemn.
 Read some three hundred lines, (no easy task,
 But probably the last that I shall ask)
 And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
 Nay not so much, revenge is in your pow'r, 70
 And ye may cry, ere Time hath turn'd his glass,
 Lo! what we prophesy'd is come to pass.

Let those who poetry in poems claim,
 Or not read this, or only read to blame;
 Let those who are by fiction's charms enslav'd, 75
 Return me thanks for half-a-crown well sav'd;
 Let those who love a little gall in rhyme
 Postpone their purchase now, and call next time;
 Let those who, void of nature, look for art,
 Take up their money, and in peace depart; 80
 Let those who energy of diction prize,
 For Billingsgate quit Flexney, and be wise:

Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force,
Mean are the words, and such as come of course;
The subject not less simple than the lay; 85
A plain unlabour'd Journey of a Day.

Far from me now be ev'ry tuneful maid,
I neither ask nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track, 90
Nor would I have the Sisters of the Hill
Behold their bard in such a dishabille.

Absent, but only absent for a time,
Let them carefs some dearer son of rhyme;
Let them, as far as decency permits, 95
Without suspicion play the fool with wits,
'Gainst fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
Wits are safe things; there's danger in a fool.

Let them, tho' modest, Gray more modest wooe;
Let them with Mason bleat, and bray, and cooe; 100
Let them with Francklin, proud of some small Greek,
Make Sophocles, disguis'd, in English speak;
Let them with Glover o'er Medea doze;
Let them with Dodfley wail Cleone's woes,
Whilst he, fine feeling creature! all in tears, 105
Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers;
Let them with simple Whitehead, taught to creep
Silent and soft, lay Fontenelle asleep;
Let them with Browne* contrive, no vulgar trick,
To cure the dead, and make the living sick; 110

* He wrote an ode, called The Cure of Saul.

Let them, in charity to Murphy, give,
 Some old French piece, that he may steal and live;
 Let them with antic Foote subscriptions get,
 And advertife a summer-house of wit.

Thus, or in any better way they please, 115
 With these great men, or with great men like these,
 Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
 I on my Journey all alone proceed.

If fashionable grown, and fond of pow'r,
 With hum'rous Scots let them disport their hour; 120
 Let them dance, fairy like, round Ossian's tomb;
 Let them forge lies and histories for Hume;
 Let them with Hume, the very prince of verse!
 Make something like a tragedy in Erse;
 Under dark Allegory's flimsy veil 125
 Let them with Ogilvie spin out a tale
 Of rueful length; let them plain things obscure,
 Debase what's truly rich, and what is poor
 Make poorer still by jargon most uncouth;
 With ev'ry pert prim prettiness of youth, 130
 Born of false taste, with Fancy (like a child
 Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,
 With bloated style, by Affectation taught,
 With much false colouring and little thought,
 With phrases strange, and dialect decreed 135
 By reason never to have pass'd the Tweed,
 With words which Nature meant each other's foe,
 Forc'd to compound whether they will or no;

With such materials let them, if they will,
To prove at once their pleasantry and skill, 140
Build up a bard to war 'gainst common sense,
By way of compliment to Providence;
Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,
Read musty lectures on Benevolence,
Or con the pages of his gaping Day, 145
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness; when the night 150
Suspends this mortal coil; when Mem'ry wakes;
When for our past misdoings Conscience takes
A deep revenge; when, by Reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks Comfort dead;
Let ev'ry Muse be gone; in vain he turns, 155
And tries to pray for sleep; an *Ætna* burns,
A more than *Ætna*, in his coward breast,
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest:
Tho' soft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring; 160
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.
Thus, or in any better way they please,
With these great men, or with great men like these,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed,
I on my Journey all alone proceed. 166

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*In some copies of the second title-page to this volume, line third
of the motto, for hear that pray'r, read grant that pray'r.*

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